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Gulliver the great.

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GULLIVER THE GREAT



A score of long, graceful leaps took the dog out of sight among the cedars.

GULLIVER THE GREAT

AND OTHER DOG STORIES

BY

WALTER A. DYER

Author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," etc.

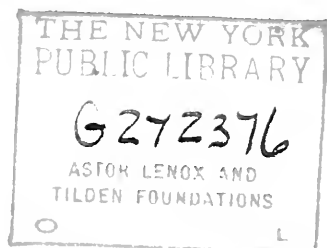


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TO THE ONE
WHO SHARES WITH ME
FOND MEMORIES OF
DUSTY AND SANDY
THIS VOLUME OF TALES
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

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Most of the stories which follow have appeared in periodicals, to which I wish to render grateful acknowledgment for permission to reprint them in book form. "Gulliver the Great" appeared in *The Cavalier*; "The Twa Dogs o' Glenfergus" and "Tom Sawyer of the Movies" in *The Ladies' Home Journal*; "Maginnis" and "The Blood of His Fathers" in *The Woman's Magazine*; "The Madness of Antony Spatola" in *The Woman's Home Companion*; "Justice at Valley Brook" and "Ishmael" in *The Associated Sunday Magazines*; "The Strike at Tiverton Manor" in *The American Magazine*; "Spider of the Newsies" and "Prayer for a Pup" in *Our Dumb Animals*; "The Regeneration of Timmy" in *The Designer*; "Wotan the Terrible" in *McCall's Magazine*; "The Return of the Champion" in *The Delineator*. I am further indebted to Doubleday, Page & Co., holders of the copyright, for permission to reprint "Prayer for a Pup."

W. A. D.

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GULLIVER THE GREAT

GULLIVER THE GREAT AND OTHER DOG STORIES

GULLIVER THE GREAT

IT was a mild evening in early spring, and the magnolias were in bloom. We motored around the park, turned up a side street, and finally came to a throbbing standstill before the Churchwarden Club.

There was nothing about its exterior to indicate that it was a clubhouse at all, but within there was an indefinable atmosphere of early Victorian comfort. There was something about it that suggested Mr. Pickwick. Old prints of horses and ships and battles hung upon the walls, and the oak was dark and old. There seemed to be no decorative scheme or keynote, and yet the atmosphere was utterly distinctive. It was my first visit to the Churchwarden Club, of which my quaint, old-fashioned Uncle Ford had long been a member, and I was charmed.

We dined in the rathskeller, the walls of which were completely covered with long churchwarden

pipes, arranged in the most intricate and marvelous patterns; and after our mutton-chop and ale and plum pudding, we filled with the choicest of tobaccos the pipes which the old major-domo brought us.

Then came Jacob R. Enderby to smoke with us.

Tall and spare he was, with long, straight, black hair, large, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes. I disgraced myself by staring at him. I did n't know that such a man existed in New York, and yet I could n't decide whether his habitat should be Arizona or Cape Cod.

Enderby and Uncle Ford were deep in a discussion of the statesmanship of James G. Blaine, when a waiter summoned my uncle to the telephone.

I neglected to state that my uncle, in his prosaic hours, is a physician; and this was a call. I knew it the moment I saw the waiter approaching. I was disappointed and disgusted.

Uncle Ford saw this and laughed.

"Cheer up!" said he. "You need n't come with me to visit the sick. I'll be back in an hour, and meanwhile Mr. Enderby will take care of you; won't you, Jake?"

For answer Enderby arose, and refilling his pipe took me by the arm, while my uncle got into his overcoat. As he passed us on the way out he whispered in my ear:

“Talk about dogs.”

I heard and nodded.

Enderby led me to the lounge or loafing-room, an oak-paneled apartment in the rear of the floor above, with huge leather chairs and a seat in the bay window. Save for a gray-haired old chap dozing over a copy of *Simplicissimus*, the room was deserted.

But no sooner had Enderby seated himself on the window-seat than there was a rush and a commotion, and a short, glad bark, and Nubbins, the steward's bull-terrier, bounded in and landed at Enderby's side with canine expressions of great joy.

I reached forward to pat him, but he paid absolutely no attention to me.

At last his wriggling subsided, and he settled down with his head on Enderby's knee, the picture of content. Then I recalled my uncle's parting injunction.

“Friend of yours?” I suggested.

Enderby smiled. “Yes,” he said, “we're friends, I guess. And the funny part of it is that he does n't pay any attention to any one else except his master. They all act that way with me, dogs do.” And he pulled Nubbins's stubby ears.

“Natural attraction, I suppose,” said I.

“Yes, it is,” he answered, with the modest frank-

ness of a big man. "It's a thing hard to explain, though there's a sort of reason for it in my case."

I pushed toward him a little tobacco-laden teak-wood stand hopefully. He refilled and lighted.

"It's an extraordinary thing, even so," he said, puffing. "Every dog nowadays seems to look upon me as his long-lost master, but it was n't always so. I hated dogs and they hated me."

Not wishing to say "Really" or "Indeed" to this big, outdoor man, I simply grunted my surprise.

"Yes, we were born enemies. More than that, I was afraid of dogs. A little fuzzy toy dog, ambling up to me in a room full of company, with his tail wagging, gave me the shudders. I could n't touch the beast. And as for big dogs outdoors, I feared them like the plague. I would go blocks out of my way to avoid one.

"I don't remember being particularly cowardly about other things, but I just could n't help this. It was in my blood, for some reason or other. It was the bane of my existence. I could n't see what the brutes were put into the world for, or how any one could have anything to do with them.

"And the dogs reciprocated. They disliked and distrusted me. The most docile old Brunos would growl and show their teeth when I came near."

"Did the change come suddenly?" I asked.

“Quite. It was in 1901. I accepted a commission from an importing and trading company to go to the Philippines to do a little quiet exploring, and spent four months in the sickly place. Then I got the fever, and when I recovered I could n’t get out of there too soon.

“I reached Manila just in time to see the mail steamer disappearing around the point, and I was mad. There would be another in six days, but I could n’t wait. I was just crazy to get back home.

“I made inquiries and learned of an old tramp steamer, named the *Old Squaw*, making ready to leave for Honolulu on the following day with a cargo of hemp and stuff, and a bunch of Moros for some show in the States, and I booked passage on that.

“She was the worst old tub you ever saw. I did n’t learn much about her, but I verily believe her to have been a condemned excursion boat. She would n’t have been allowed to run to Coney Island.

“She was battered and unpainted, and she wallowed horribly. I don’t believe she could have reached Honolulu much before the next regular boat, but I could n’t wait, and I took her.

“I made myself as comfortable as possible, bribed the cook to insure myself against starvation, and swung a hammock on the forward deck as far as possible from the worst of the vile smells.

“ But we had n't lost sight of Manila Bay when I discovered that there was a dog aboard — and such a dog! I had never seen one that sent me into such a panic as this one, and he had free range of the ship. A Great Dane he was, named Gulliver, and he was the pride of the captain's rum-soaked heart.

“ With all my fear, I realized he was a magnificent animal, but I looked on him as a gigantic devil. Without exception, he was the biggest dog I ever saw, and as muscular as a lion. He lacked some points that show judges set store by, but he had the size and the build.

“ I have seen Vohl's Vulcan and the Wurtemberg breed, but they were fox-terriers compared with Gulliver. His tail was as big around as my arm, and the cook lived in terror of his getting into the galley and wagging it; and he had a mouth that looked to me like the crater of Mauna Loa, and a voice that shook the planking when he spoke.

“ I first caught sight of him appearing from behind a huge coil of cordage in the stern. He stretched and yawned, and I nearly died of fright.

“ I caught up a belaying-pin, though little good that would have done me. I think he saw me do it, and doubtless he set me down for an enemy then and there.

“ We were well out of the harbor, and there was

no turning back, but I would have given my right hand to be off that boat. I fully expected him to eat me up, and I slept with that belaying-pin sticking into my ribs in the hammock, and with my revolver loaded and handy.

“Fortunately, Gulliver’s dislike for me took the form of sublime contempt. He knew I was afraid of him, and he despised me for it. He was a great pet with the captain and crew, and even the Moros treated him with admiring respect when they were allowed on deck. I could n’t understand it. I would as soon have made a pet of a hungry boa-constrictor.

“On the third day out the poor old boiler burst and the *Old Squaw* caught fire. She was dry and rotten inside and she burned like tinder. No attempt was made to extinguish the flames, which got into the hemp in the hold in short order.

“The smoke was stifling, and in a jiffy all hands were struggling with the boats. The Moros came tumbling up from below and added to the confusion with their terrified yells.

“The davits were old and rusty, and the men were soon fighting among themselves. One boat dropped stern foremost, filled, and sank immediately, and the *Old Squaw* herself was visibly settling.

“I saw there was no chance of getting away in

the boats, and I recalled a life-raft on the deck forward near my hammock. It was a sort of catamaran — a double platform on a pair of hollow, water-tight, cylindrical buoys. It was n't twenty feet long and about half as broad, but it would have to do. I fancy it was a forgotten relic of the old excursion-boat days.

“There was no time to lose, for the *Old Squaw* was bound to sink presently. Besides, I was aft with the rest, and the flames were licking up the deck and running-gear in the waist of the boat.

“The galley, which was amidships near the engine-room, had received the full force of the explosion, and the cook lay moaning in the lee scuppers with a small water-cask thumping against his chest. I could n't stop to help the man, but I did kick the cask away.

“It seemed to be nearly full, and it occurred to me that I should need it. I glanced quickly around, and luckily found a tin of biscuits that had also been blown out of the galley. I picked this up, and rolling the cask of water ahead of me as rapidly as I could, I made my way through the hot, stifling smoke to the bow of the boat.

“I kicked at the life-raft; it seemed to be sound, and I lashed the biscuits and water to it. I also threw on a coil of rope and a piece of sail-cloth. I saw nothing else about that could possibly be of any

value to me. I abandoned my trunk for fear it would only prove troublesome.

“ Then I hacked the raft loose with my knife and shoved it over to the bulwark. Apparently no one had seen me, for there was no one else forward of the sheet of flame that now cut the boat in two.

“ The raft was a mighty heavy affair, but I managed to raise one end to the rail. I don't believe I would ever have been able to heave it over under any circumstances, but I did n't have to.

“ I felt a great upheaval, and the prow of the *Old Squaw* went up into the air. I grabbed the ropes that I had lashed the food on with and clung to the raft. The deck became almost perpendicular, and it was a miracle that the raft did n't slide down with me into the flames. Somehow it stuck where it was.

“ Then the boat sank with a great roar, and for about a thousand years, it seemed to me, I was under water. I did n't do anything. I could n't think.

“ I was only conscious of a tremendous weight of water and a feeling that I would burst open. Instinct alone made me cling to the raft.

“ When it finally brought me to the surface I was as nearly dead as I care to be. I lay there on the thing in a half-conscious condition for an endless

time. If my life had depended on my doing something, I would have been lost.

“Then gradually I came to, and began to spit out salt water and gasp for breath. I gathered my wits together and sat up. My hands were absolutely numb, and I had to loosen the grip of my fingers with the help of my toes. Odd sensation.

“Then I looked about me. My biscuits and water and rope were safe, but the sail-cloth had vanished. I remember that this annoyed me hugely at the time, though I don't know what earthly good it would have been.

“The sea was fairly calm, and I could see all about. Not a human being was visible, only a few floating bits of wreckage. Every man on board must have gone down with the ship and drowned, except myself.

“Then I caught sight of something that made my heart stand still. The huge head of Gulliver was coming rapidly toward me through the water!

“The dog was swimming strongly, and must have leaped from the *Old Squaw* before she sank. My raft was the only thing afloat large enough to hold him, and he knew it.

“I drew my revolver, but it was soaking wet and useless. Then I sat down on the cracker tin and gritted my teeth and waited. I had been alarmed, I must admit, when the boiler blew up and the panic

began, but that was nothing to the terror that seized me now.

“Here I was all alone on the top of the Pacific Ocean with a horrible demon making for me as fast as he could swim. My mind was benumbed, and I could think of nothing to do. I trembled and my teeth rattled. I prayed for a shark, but no shark came.

“Soon Gulliver reached the raft and placed one of his forepaws on it and then the other. The top of it stood six or eight inches above the water, and it took a great effort for the dog to raise himself. I wanted to kick him back, but I did n't dare to move.

“Gulliver struggled mightily. Again and again he reared his great shoulders above the sea, only to be cast back, scratching and kicking, at a lurch of the raft.

“Finally a wave favored him, and he caught the edge of the under platform with one of his hind feet. With a stupendous effort he heaved his huge bulk over the edge and lay sprawling at my feet, panting and trembling.”

Enderby paused and gazed out of the window with a big sigh, as though the recital of his story had brought back some of the horror of his remarkable experience.

Nubbins looked up inquiringly, and then snug-

gled closer to his friend, while Enderby smoothed the white head.

“Well,” he continued, “there we were. You can’t possibly imagine how I felt unless you, too, have been afflicted with dog-fear. It was awful. And I hated the brute so. I could have torn him limb from limb if I had had the strength. But he was vastly more powerful than I. I could only fear him.

“By and by he got up and shook himself. I covered on my cracker-tin, but he only looked at me contemptuously, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down to wait patiently for deliverance.

“We remained this way until nightfall. The sea was comparatively calm, and we seemed to be drifting but slowly. We were in the path of ships likely to be passing one way or the other, and I would have been hopeful of the outcome if it had not been for my feared and hated companion.

“I began to feel faint, and opened the cracker-tin. The biscuits were wet with salt water, but I ate a couple, and left the cover of the tin open to dry them. Gulliver looked around, and I shut the tin hastily. But the dog never moved. He was not disposed to ask any favors. By kicking the sides of the cask and prying with my knife, I managed to get the bung out and took a drink. Then

I settled myself on the raft with my back against the cask, and longed for a smoke.

“The gentle motion of the raft produced a lulling effect on my exhausted nerves, and I began to nod, only to awake with a start, with fear gripping at my heart. I dared not sleep. I don't know what I thought Gulliver would do to me, for I did not understand dogs, but I felt that I must watch him constantly. In the starlight I could see that his eyes were open. Gulliver was watchful too.

“All night long I kept up a running fight with drowsiness. I dozed at intervals, but never for long at a time. It was a horrible night, and I cannot tell you how I longed for day and welcomed it when it came.

“I must have slept toward dawn, for I suddenly became conscious of broad daylight. I roused myself, stood up, and swung my arms and legs to stir up circulation, for the night had been chilly. Gulliver arose, too, and stood silently watching me until I ceased for fear. When he had settled down again I got my breakfast out of the cracker-tin. Gulliver was restless, and was evidently interested.

“‘He must be hungry,’ I thought, and then a new fear caught me. I had only to wait until he became very hungry and then he would surely attack me. I concluded that it would be wiser to feed him, and I tossed him a biscuit.

“I expected to see him grab it ravenously, and wondered as soon as I had thrown it if the taste of food would only serve to make him more ferocious. But at first he would not touch it. He only lay there with his great head on his paws and glowered at me. Distrust was plainly visible in his face. I had never realized before that a dog’s face could express the subtler emotions.

“His gaze fascinated me, and I could not take my eyes from his. The bulk of him was tremendous as he lay there, and I noticed the big, swelling muscles of his jaw. At last he arose, sniffed suspiciously at the biscuit, and looked up at me again.

“‘It’s all right; eat it!’ I cried.

“The sound of my own voice frightened me. I had not intended to speak to him. But in spite of my strained tone he seemed somewhat reassured.

“He took a little nibble, and then swallowed the biscuit after one or two crunches, and looked up expectantly. I threw him another and he ate that.

“‘That’s all,’ said I. ‘We must be sparing of them.’

“I was amazed to discover how perfectly he understood. He lay down again and licked his chops.

“Late in the forenoon I saw a line of smoke on the horizon, and soon a steamer hove into view. I

stood up and waved my coat frantically, but to no purpose. Gulliver stood up and looked from me to the steamer, apparently much interested.

“‘Too far off,’ I said to Gulliver. ‘I hope the next one will come nearer.’

“At midday I dined, and fed Gulliver. This time he took the two biscuits quite without reserve and whacked his great tail against the raft. It seemed to me that his attitude was less hostile, and I wondered at it.

“When I took my drink from the cask, Gulliver showed signs of interest.

“‘I suppose dogs get thirsty, too,’ I said aloud.

“Gulliver rapped with his tail. I looked about for some sort of receptacle, and finally pulled off my shoe, filled it with water, and shoved it toward him with my foot. He drank gratefully.

“During the afternoon I sighted another ship, but it was too distant to notice me. However, the sea remained calm and I did not despair.

“After we had had supper, I settled back against my cask, resolved to keep awake, for still I did not trust Gulliver. The sun set suddenly and the stars came out, and I found myself strangely lonesome. It seemed as though I had been alone out there on the Pacific for weeks. The miles and miles of heaving waters, almost on a level with my eye, were beginning to get on my nerves. I longed for some

one to talk to, and wished I had dragged the half-breed cook along with me for company. I sighed loudly, and Gulliver raised his head.

“ ‘Lonesome out here, is n’t it?’ I said, simply to hear the sound of my own voice.

“ Then for the first time Gulliver spoke. He made a deep sound in his throat, but it was n’t a growl, and with all my ignorance of dog language I knew it.

“ Then I began to talk. I talked about everything — the people back home and all that — and Gulliver listened. I know more about dogs now, and I know that the best way to make friends with a dog is to talk to him. He can’t talk back, but he can understand a heap more than you think he can.

“ Finally Gulliver, who had kept his distance all this time, arose and came toward me. My words died in my throat. What was he going to do? To my immense relief he did nothing but sink down at my feet with a grunt and curl his huge body into a semicircle. He had dignity, Gulliver had. He wanted to be friendly, but he would not presume. However, I had lost interest in conversation, and sat watching him and wondering.

“ In spite of my firm resolution, I fell asleep at length from sheer exhaustion, and never woke until daybreak. The sky was clouded and our craft was

pitching. Gulliver was standing in the middle of the raft, looking at me in evident alarm. I glanced over my shoulder, and the blackness of the horizon told me that a storm was coming, and coming soon.

“I made fast our slender provender, tied the end of a line about my own waist for safety, and waited.

“In a short time the storm struck us in all its tropical fury. The raft pitched and tossed, now high up at one end, and now at the other, and sometimes almost engulfed in the waves.

“Gulliver was having a desperate time to keep aboard. His blunt claws slipped on the wet deck of the raft, and he fell and slid about dangerously. The thought flashed across my mind that the storm might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and that I might soon be rid of the brute.

“As I clung there to the lashings, I saw him slip down to the further end of the raft, his hind quarters actually over the edge. A wave swept over him, but still he clung, panting madly. Then the raft righted itself for a moment, and as he hung there he gave me a look I shall never forget — a look of fear, of pleading, of reproach, and yet of silent courage. And with all my stupidity I read that look. Somehow it told me that I was the master, after all, and he the dog. I could not resist it. Cautiously I raised myself and loosened the spare rope I had saved. As the raft tipped the

other way Gulliver regained his footing and came sliding toward me.

“Quickly I passed the rope around his body, and as the raft dived again I hung on to the rope with one hand, retaining my own hold with the other. Gulliver’s great weight nearly pulled my arm from its socket, but he helped mightily, and during the next moment of equilibrium I took another turn about his body and made the end of the rope fast.

“The storm passed as swiftly as it had come, and though it left us drenched and exhausted, we were both safe.

“That evening Gulliver crept close to me as I talked, and I let him. Loneliness will make a man do strange things.

“On the fifth day, when our provisions were nearly gone, and I had begun to feel the sinking dullness of despair, I sighted a steamer apparently coming directly toward us. Instantly I felt new life in my limbs and around my heart, and while the boat was yet miles away I began to shout and to wave my coat.

“‘I believe she’s coming, old man!’ I cried to Gulliver; ‘I believe she’s coming!’

“I soon wearied of this foolishness and sat down to wait. Gulliver came close and sat beside me, and for the first time I put my hand on him. He looked up at me and rapped furiously with his tail.

I patted his head — a little gingerly, I must confess.

“It was a big, smooth head, and it felt solid and strong. I passed my hand down his neck, his back, his flanks. He seemed to quiver with joy. He leaned his huge body against me. Then he bowed his head and licked my shoe.

“A feeling of intense shame and unworthiness came over me, with the realization of how completely I had misunderstood him. Why should this great, powerful creature lick my shoe? It was incredible.

“Then, somehow, everything changed. Fear and distrust left me, and a feeling of comradeship and understanding took their place. We two had been through so much together. A dog was no longer a frightful beast to me; he was a dog! I cannot think of a nobler word. And Gulliver had licked my shoe! Doubtless it was only the fineness of his perception that had prevented him from licking my hand. I might have resented that. I put my arms suddenly around Gulliver's neck and hugged him. I loved that dog!

“Slowly, slowly, the steamer crawled along, but still she kept to her course. When she was about a mile away, however, I saw that she would not pass as near to us as I had hoped; so I began once more my waving and yelling. She came nearer,

nearer, but still showed no sign of observing us.

“She was abreast of us, and passing. I was in a frenzy!

“She was so near that I could make out the figure of the captain on the bridge, and other figures on the deck below. It seemed as though they must see us, though I realized how low in the water we stood, and how pitifully weak and hoarse my voice was. I had been a fool to waste it. Then an idea struck me.

“‘Speak!’ I cried to Gulliver, who stood watching beside me. ‘Speak, old man!’

“Gulliver needed no second bidding. A roar like that of all the bulls of Bashan rolled out over the blue Pacific. Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful. His great sides heaved with the mighty effort, his red, cavernous mouth open, and his head raised high.

“‘Good, old man!’ I cried. ‘Good!’ And again that magnificent voice boomed forth.

“Then something happened on board the steamer. The figures came to the side. I waved my coat and danced. Then they saw us.

“I was pretty well done up when they took us aboard, and I slept for twenty-four hours straight. When I awoke there sat Gulliver by my bunk, and when I turned to look at him he lifted a great paw and put it on my arm.”



Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful



Enderby ceased, and there was silence in the room save for the light snoring of Nubbins.

“You took him home with you, I suppose?” I asked.

Enderby nodded.

“And you have him still?” I certainly wanted to have a look at that dog.

But he did not answer. I saw an expression of great sadness come into his eyes as he gazed out of the window, and I knew that Jacob Enderby had finished his story.

THE TWA DOGS O' GLENFERGUS



THE TWA DOGS O' GLENFERGUS

THE estate of Glenfergus possesses five things that are near-Scotch: its name; the lineage of its owner, Robert Ferguson; Jock-o'-the-Heath, the Scottish terrier, now old, deaf, and house-loving; and two collies, Wallace and Bruce. The only Simon-pure, made-in-Scotland article about the place is Sandy MacNair. As for Terry Burke of the gardens, he is straight Irish and no mistake.

Sandy, among his other duties, has charge of the flock of registered Dorsets that are at once the pride and the despair of the master. Handsome creatures they are, possessed of a sort of artistic instinct for composing a picture on the hillside pastures of Glenfergus, but timid and all too often victims of swift tragedy. The estate lies not in Scotland, but in the Massachusetts Berkshires, in a community not yet organized about the industry of sheep raising. There are dogs in that country that are strangers to the ethics of sheep herding, and they murdered the Dorsets of Glenfergus. In spite of wire fences, which were an abomination to Robert Ferguson any-

how, the dogs got in, slew, tasted blood, and vanished to return another day.

One night it was Merton's restless Irish terrier from over the ridge that killed a ewe and her lamb, and galloped back across the hill in the full moonlight before the wrathful gaze of Sandy. One afternoon Nicholas, Tom Abbott's champion Russian wolfhound, severed home ties for a space, covered the intervening ten miles with his long, undulating bounds, leaped the five-foot fence, killed three of the flock, and returned home for his dinner. But the worst of all was an unknown brute that came repeatedly in the night, took his toll of warm blood, and escaped unseen.

There were apologies aplenty from neighbors and damages from a well-intentioned State, but they did not bring back the slain Dorsets nor soothe the wrath of the master and Sandy MacNair. The flock was demoralized and getting into bad condition.

"Sandy," said Robert Ferguson with decision, "something has got to be done. If we can't stop this killing we'll have to dispose of the sheep."

"Well," said Sandy. "I should not like to say that we could end the trouble, but I would try a dog."

"Dog!" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson. "There are too many dogs hereabouts already. I'm not fond enough of dogs to want to feed one on live mutton."

"I know," said Sandy; "but I think it's the only way. It's the Old-Country way and it works there. Fight dog with dog."

Robert Ferguson gave in at last to Sandy's entreaties, and one day he brought home proud Wallace in his automobile and turned him over to the shepherd.

"I got the best to be had," he said; "a two-year-old, pure Scotch collie of the Greystone breed. See what he will do."

Wallace was a beautiful sable with a white bib. From his well-set ears to his waving tail he was an aristocrat of the aristocrats.

"Is he broken to the sheep?" asked Sandy.

"No," replied Mr. Ferguson. "He's a kennel dog. But he has the blood. Can you train him?"

Sandy looked doubtfully at the pointed nose, the narrow head, the small eyes. "I'll try, sir," he said.

As Sandy was leading Wallace to the stable, Terry Burke appeared with a basket of green peas. "And what have ye there?" asked Terry.

"An elephant," replied Sandy dourly. "Can ye not see?"

"It looks more like a wolf — or a penwiper," said Terry. "The first thing I'd do with that dog would be to get rid of him. If ye've an idea he'll herd the sheep ye may as well forget it."

“What do you know about dogs, pea-gatherer?” asked Sandy, hotly.

Terry laughed. “The little man asks me what I know about dogs! Why, Scotchman, I was raised with dogs. I’ve owned and bred and trained more dogs meself than you’ve set eyes on. Let me tell ye something to add to your small wisdom. There was a fine dog wanst that some folks called a collie, but most folks called a shepherd dog. He was a dog with a heart and a brain. He could whip a bulldog and he could gentle a baby. He knew as much as a Christian and more than a Scotchman. But he’s gone. What has become of him? Och, I could n’t tell ye. I only know that these millionaire dog-show folks have got a new collie with not room enough in his toothpick head for the sense of a pug. He’s a decaitful, thievin’, snappin’, autymobile-chasin’ dude, an’ this here’s wan of thim.”

“Irishman,” rumbled Sandy, raging inside, “ye talk like a fule,” and he led his new charge into the stable.

Additional precautions were taken with the sheep until the new dog could be intrusted with their care. The training of the princely but kennel-bred Wallace was no easy task, but Sandy MacNair was patient and experienced. With rare persistence he strove to win the dog’s interest and affection, and at length succeeded in achieving a certain degree of

obedience. Then he rigged up a pen of hurdles in the pasture and took Wallace out to try him on the sheep.

The first attempt was an ignominious failure. Wallace promptly scattered the flock and nipped their heels joyfully. With difficulty Sandy caught him and prevented serious damage.

“Better let him chase the autymobiles,” advised Terry. “’T is safer.”

But somewhere back in Wallace’s family tree there were sheepdogs — genuine collies of the Scottish heath — and the instinct of his ancestors had not been entirely bred out of him. Blood and Sandy’s perseverance began to tell, and as the cold days of November passed the collie began to take a more personal interest in the sheep. Moreover, he had become devoted to Sandy, and Sandy to him.

The day the collie rounded up the meager half-dozen and herded them successfully back into the pen was a proud one for Sandy.

Terry was forced to conceal his chagrin behind a greater volume of banter. “Wait till he’s needed to drive off the big dog in the night, and then ye’ll see what a poor heart he has under his pretty coat.”

But Wallace was unquestionably becoming a better dog. He acted with more directness and appeared to be gaining some sense of responsibility.

Terry Burke saw all this, and resentment against

Sandy and Wallace grew in his heart. He left his wife to care for the greenhouse one day and returned late that night with a bundle. Where he had been no one knew, and it was some time before it was discovered that the bundle was a dog. Terry kept him in his cottage as long as he could, but the secret was bound to come out.

It was on a bright day in January that Terry, crossing the stable yard, came upon Sandy, grinning broadly.

"I think there's a wee bear follerin' ye," said Sandy.

Terry looked behind him. There, standing in the path, was his dog, looking up at him expectantly. Terry was wrathful. He wanted to call the dog names, and some unusually choice ones leaped to his tongue; but pride and the presence of Sandy restrained him. "Go back, Bruce!" he roared, "and stay in the house where ye belong!"

The dog turned dejectedly about and trotted back obediently.

"'T is a good Scotch name ye've given the poor thing," said Sandy. "What kind of a dog would ye say it was, now?"

"He cannot help the name he was christened with," retorted Terry, passing on with unusual reticence.

There was no more need for secrecy, and thereafter Terry allowed Bruce to follow him about at will. It was quite evident that Bruce was no show dog. His pendulous ears, one set higher than the other, would have barred him from the ring, even if there were an established class for his nearly extinct breed. For Terry had found somewhere a survivor of the race of old-fashioned collies or shepherd dogs—a tri-colored dog with a broad head and short muzzle. In his eyes, at least, he was the superior of all the blue-ribbon dandies on the circuit.

It was Terry's plan to supplant Wallace with Bruce, and he took every opportunity to give him such training as circumstances allowed. To this Bruce responded cheerfully; apparently he could learn anything.

An encounter between the dogs was inevitable, for Wallace considered Glenfergus his own particular realm and it was not in him to brook the presence of an interloper. Bruce, on the other hand, was friendly by nature, and the attack which immediately followed their first meeting took him so by surprise that he turned tail and ran into the greenhouse, where Terry repelled the pursuer with a flower-pot.

Sandy's delight was unconcealed. "Ye should have seen the mutt beat it," he said to Mollie the

cook, whom he always strove to address in her own language. "I've no doubt he would run from one of my lambies."

Terry lectured his charge in private and the next time it was different. The two dogs met by chance behind the carriage shed, and, before Terry could reach them with a pail of water, blood was drawn. Sandy and Terry, angry though they were, realized the seriousness of the situation. If the master should learn of a dog fight on his premises, that would mean the last of the dogs. So, because Wallace was the recognized dog of Glenfergus, it became Terry's bitter task to hold Bruce in restraint and to chain him to his little packing-case kennel beside the greenhouse.

With the coming of spring Wallace's education advanced rapidly, and it was a great day of triumph for Sandy when he put the dog through his paces and herded the sheep before an approving audience, consisting of Robert Ferguson and two friends from the city.

"He's learnt!" Sandy cried with supreme satisfaction; and later, passing Terry on his way to supper, he could not forbear a grinning gibe. "Ye may as well send your tabby-cat away. It's not needed here."

Sandy's sense of triumph increased as the days went by and Wallace was placed in charge of the

flock at night. Dogs came sheep-hunting as of yore — little dogs, big dogs, dogs of high and low degree. For the most part they retreated before the vociferous threats of the collie, and those that ventured nearer were repulsed with loss. Wallace had “learnt,” and success and Sandy’s approbation gave him confidence.

Then one night the black sheep-killer came. The sheep were lying peacefully on the broad, grassy slope of the west pasture. Under a spreading oak Wallace lay dozing, his head on his forepaws, his nose and ears pointed toward the flock. Among the sumacs on the brow of the hill a twig snapped. Wallace was awake in an instant, his head raised, his ears cocked, his nostrils quivering. Then a huge, dark form bounded out of the shadows and down the hill.

Wallace leaped to his feet, trembling with excitement. The invader paused a moment, sniffed the air, and then, dashing into the midst of the flock, swerved and leaped ferociously upon an old ewe, that was bowled over like a bundle of wool. The sheep-killer sprang again, but before he could close his huge jaws upon the ewe’s neck there was an angry snarl, an impetuous rush, and Wallace was at his throat. The big dog crouched and tossed his head mightily, and Wallace was thrown off, only to return to the attack with a better directed rush.

The sheep dashed into a hollow by the fence and huddled together in terror, watching the fight on the hill. The two dogs rolled over and over, biting and snarling and fighting for a throat hold. The enemy was heavier than Wallace, doubtless a more experienced fighter. But Wallace was quick, crafty, and fired with a knightly spirit that knew no fear. His brass-studded collar, too, and his long coat baffled his antagonist, who sought in vain for the crunching hold that would end the fray.

The angry snarling was almost incessant, low, menacing, intense, punctuated now and then by a sharp yelp of pain or fury. The human inhabitants of Glenfergus were asleep or at least indoors, and none heard the sounds of battle save the cowering sheep and the soft-eyed, gentle Bruce, sitting at the end of his chain down by Terry Burke's cottage, trembling and whining softly with excitement, his ears lifted, his nose searching the air eagerly for some clue.

With a sudden snap Wallace managed to bring his teeth together in the jowl of his enemy and hung on. The big dog rose on his hind-legs, and, although the collie was no small dog, he was lifted clear from the ground; but he hung on. Then again a mighty effort, and Wallace with a swift wrench tore the big fellow's cheek viciously. Howling with pain, bloody and blind with rage, the sheep-killer



Wallace was a beautiful sable with a white bib



Bruce, a tri-colored dog with a broad head
and a short muzzle

rushed once more, but he had lost his head. Wallace dodged and caught him just below the ear. The big brute, a coward at heart, had had enough. He turned and ran for the sumacs, Wallace, a past master at hock nipping, hastening his flight.

At length Wallace came trotting back to his trembling flock. Turning for a moment on the brow of the hill he gave voice — the short, sharp bark of defiance. From over the hill came the answer — the promise of revenge. Down by Terry Burke's cottage Bruce turned whimpering back to bed.

In the morning Sandy MacNair found blood on Wallace's muzzle and knew there had been a battle in the night. Gently he felt beneath the beautiful coat, finding a scratch here, a lumpy bruise there, but no serious injury done. He threw his arms about Wallace's neck and buried his face in the silky ruff.

"Good lad! Good lad!" he murmured, but in his heart there was anxiety.

When the news spread abroad Wallace stood in danger of being spoiled, but Sandy took him in hand, drew him away from his admirers, gave him a bath, rubbed peroxide in his wounds, and took him to a quiet place for a nap. That night Wallace was again at his post under the oak tree.

For a week peace brooded over Glenfergus. Then on another night came the sheep-killer again. By some extraordinary cunning he found his way in

and stole down through the sumacs and wild blueberries. But the breeze carried his scent to Wallace's keen nostrils, and the collie rose quickly, then walked slowly toward his flock, every muscle tense and waiting. Again the great, dark form bounded out from the shadows and down the hill, and again the flock stampeded, terror-stricken. Again there was a snarl and a rush as Wallace dashed at the trespasser.

The big dog made a show of battle and then turned and ran up the slope, Wallace close at his heels. At the edge of the rough ground the collie nipped him sharply in the flank, and the brute flashed about with amazing quickness. But Wallace was ready for him. The big, ugly teeth shut with a snap an inch from the collie's neck, and Wallace made a lunge for his enemy's throat. The sheep-killer gave a bark of pain as he shook Wallace off, and down by the gardener's house Bruce awoke with a start and thrust an inquiring nose against the breeze.

The two antagonists grappled, rolled, broke, and closed again.

Then out of the thicket stole another form, a wicked-looking, brindle bull terrier, small but powerful, and built for fighting. Out of the corner of his eye Wallace caught a shadowy glimpse of the newcomer's white breast, and the meaning of the big

dog's manœuvres became clear to him. Then there was a rush. Wallace snapped and missed, then sprang to the other side of the big dog.

It was a desperate situation — two against one — but the collie never faltered. He sprang again at the big fellow so swiftly that he got a grip in the fleshy part of his neck below the ear. He knew he must fight to kill.

But the bull terrier understood his rôle. He kept away from the struggling dogs for a moment, and then, watching his chance, rushed in and seized Wallace by the left hind leg. His jaws were powerful, the spot well chosen, just above the hock.

Wallace, knowing his peril, dared not relax his hold on the more deadly foe. But the terrier's teeth had found sinew and bone; the pain was intense, and a muffled cry was forced from his breast. Soon a perilous weakness began to take hold of his limbs; his lungs labored painfully, and he closed his eyes in his agony. He was paying the penalty of a breeding a shade too fine. Still he hung on. To relax his grip was to die. Again the pitiful, muffled cry came from his throat.

The fresh breeze blew the sounds of battle, the snarling and the cries, to the keen ears of Bruce. They were perfectly intelligible to him. He knew there were three dogs; he knew that the battle was to the death. He heard the distress cry of Wallace

and he knew what it meant and who uttered it. All the spirit of his ancestors — dogs of faithfulness and courage every one — awoke in his breast. He became strong and eager. He tugged violently at his chain. The links held; the staple was clinched on the inside of the packing-box kennel; but the boards were thin, the construction flimsy, and with a crack and a smash Bruce broke loose and dashed at top speed across garden and stable yard, dangling a piece of board behind him.

Up the hill he sped. Wallace's second cry of agony caught his ears and spurred him on. Without a moment's delay he plunged into the fray. With rare judgment he seized the terrier by the throat and his strong jaws closed in a viselike grip. The terrier loosed his hold of Wallace's leg and tried to turn on his new assailant. But Bruce had him; he was powerless. Bruce felt him gradually weaken and then collapse, and with a final shake he cast him aside and leaped to Wallace's aid.

The big dog, seeing him, shook off the weakened Wallace with one last, desperate effort, and, bounding into the thicket, disappeared forever from the pastures of Glenfergus.

Terry Burke was awakened from his first sleep by the furious barking of Bruce. The dog was usually quiet at night and Terry knew that something must be wrong. He sprang out of bed, hastily

drew on trousers and shoes, and hurried out of the house. Bruce leaped upon him in his excitement and then dashed off. Terry, unable to understand, stepped into the carriage shed and lighted a lantern. He tried to quiet Bruce, but the dog continued his excited barking, dashing off and returning repeatedly, trying to tell the man what the trouble was.

As they started off, Sandy MacNair appeared within the circle of the lantern light. "What 's the beast makin' all the row about?" he inquired gruffly.

But Terry was in no mood for repartee. "Sure it 's that I 'm tryin' to learn," he replied.

Sandy was about to frame some scathing rejoinder, but Bruce's evident eagerness to lead them toward the west pasture awoke in him a sudden alarm, and he fell silently in beside Terry. The two men followed Bruce rapidly across the lower meadow, through the gate in the wire fence, and up the hill.

The sheep were still huddled together, but were quiet now. The cause of their terror had evidently departed.

As the men reached the brow of the hill Sandy ran suddenly forward and fell on his knees above the prostrate Wallace. "Oh, laddie! my puir, bonny laddie!" he moaned, lapsing into his broad Scotch. "Ye're hurt, but ye're not done to death! Oh, laddie, ye're not done to death!"

Wallace was lying on his side, panting painfully, his beautiful eyes closed in weakness. But at his master's appeal he lifted his head, opened his eyes and feebly licked the hand that caressed him.

An exclamation from Terry, who had turned away from a scene that was almost too much for his Irish heart, caused Sandy to look up. Terry was holding the lantern above the lifeless form of the bull terrier.

Sandy sprang to his side and turned the carcass over with his foot. Then he looked at the collar. "'T is Holman's Jack," said he. "He was a good dog; 't was not like him to come killin' sheep."

Both men were puzzled. Sandy could not believe that the small terrier, born fighter though he was, could so nearly have done for Wallace. Then he went back to the slowly reviving collie and began feeling gently beneath the long silky coat. Lumps, bruises, and scratches were numerous enough, but he found no serious wound till he came to the sadly mangled leg. His words of pity were stilled by a sudden fear. What was the meaning of this? Surely Wallace could not have been running away!

It was Terry who discovered the black hair in Wallace's teeth. There was no black hair on the terrier.

Sandy leaped to his feet with joy. "'T was the

big, black one!" he cried. "Ah, Wallace, 't was cruel!"

"Two sheep-killers," said Terry. "Sure, it must have been a grand fight!"

"Twa sheep-killers," echoed Sandy; and then, glancing at Bruce's dangling chain, he added thoughtfully: "And twa collies."

Comprehension of the situation broke at last upon the minds of both. They stood for a few moments in silence. Then Bruce came forward almost shyly, and sniffed at Wallace's muzzle, walked around him, found the bleeding leg and licked it tenderly. Simultaneously the two men looked at each other, and as quickly their eyes fell.

"Come," said Terry, breaking the awkward silence, "we must get him down to his kennel. There 'll be no more sheep-killers about to-night."

Tenderly they picked Wallace up and carried him between them down the hill, Bruce trotting close behind.

Next morning the two men met in the yard. "How's yer Wallace?" asked Terry, somewhat sheepishly, his eyes fixed on the weather vane.

"He's doin' well, thank ye," said Sandy, patting Bruce's head with a studied air of absent mindedness. "The bone was not broken, but he will be lame for a long time, I fear. I shall have to train Bruce to mind the sheep, maybe."

"Maybe he could n't learn," Terry managed to say, almost bursting with pride.

"We might try," returned Sandy, cautiously. "If you should feel like sayin' a kind word to Wallace ye'll find him in the kitchen."

"Yes," said Terry, "I was thinkin' I'd like to see the poor dog."

"An' if you was to drop in again this evenin' to see him maybe ye'd not mind a wee game o' pinochle before bedtime."

"Why, no," said Terry, as he started away, gazing fondly into the soft, upturned eyes of Bruce, "I'd not mind."

MAGINNIS

MAGINNIS

STARTING somewhere down among the precipitous Andes of masonry at the end of the island, the greatest street in the world chooses a route all its own, quite independent of squares and right angles, and runs in a northerly direction between swarming hives of business, clear through the heart of the city, and leaps boldly out into the country beyond. Sooner or later everything of worldly significance must pass up or down this great thoroughfare — all sorts of people of every nationality under the sun, rich and poor, demagogue and statesman, peddler and financier, reformer and anarchist, women of the demi-monde and the super-monde.

Seven or eight miles up from the Battery, where the mighty way has swung somewhat to the west, it spreads its broad length between brick buildings that are at once dwellings and market places. To right and left extend long rows of human ant hills. Great wagons and motor trucks and tram cars rumble up and down the pavement far into the night, and up above the street and down the ant-hill rows there dwell in conglomerate mass hate and fear and plot-

tings and strivings and birth and death and love and the radium of human kindness.

One mid-forenoon in September, when the bustle and roar of the great current was at its height and the tide of human life was at the flood, there trotted down Broadway a small, piebald, mongrel dog. He was a wretched little atom, and he did not belong there; that was most evident. One ear was set so far forward that it flopped over his eye, and the other was disfigured by a ragged notch. He was what might be called a calico dog, with fox terrier blood as his chief but by no means overwhelming ingredient. Brownish black patches bespattered his approximately white body with no apparent attempt at arrangement. His tail was crooked and long in proportion to the rest of him and seemed permanently glued between his legs. His feet, also, were far too large, but perhaps that was because he was still a puppy.

He pursued a wavering and inconstant course down the sidewalk, timidly avoiding the feet of passing humans, and occasionally hurrying sidewise, in a terrified sort of way, into the gutter. From his neck dangled a bit of muddy string, which was the only indication that he had come from anywhere in particular.

At the corner of one of the cross streets, where a double row of the big, square human ant hills

stretched down toward the west, with fire escapes like iron spider webs along their fronts, there was a congestion of traffic. A big human creature of some sort stepped hastily back to avoid a collision and kicked the calico pup in the ribs. The pup was surprised into a little, high-pitched yelp, and darted sideways into the legs of another human. Blindly scurrying here and there he at last extricated himself and trotted wearily down the side street.

Here there seemed to be fewer people, and the calico pup slackened his pace a bit and began sniffing at interesting looking small objects along the way, for he was very hungry. He crossed timorously one or two broad streets running north and south, and at length caught the smell of the river. The human ant hills began to appear smaller and less elegant as he passed along, until he came to a place where the road dipped down hill a little. The street here was rather dirty, and the calico pup found one or two unsavory morsels that he considered food.

Presently a crowd of noisy young humans spied him, and setting up a yell dashed toward him. In a panic the pup sped by as fast as his tired little legs would carry him, his ears flopping and his eyes big with fright. The young humans hurled a missile or two and gave up the chase, but the pup fled on till an open door caught his eye. Without considering

the consequences he swerved and bounded up three stone steps and into a dark hallway.

Here a new peril assailed him; there seemed to be no outlet beyond. But there was an interesting smell of something to eat that whetted his curiosity if it did not embolden his heart. Lifting inquiring nostrils he made his way gingerly up a flight of dark, narrow stairs to another hallway. But there was nothing there; the smells seemed to come from behind a closed door. He trotted down the hall and came to the foot of another stairway. He placed his forefeet on the lower step and stretched up his head, sniffing noisily. Then a sound above startled him and he hurried back. Down the narrow stairs he made his way awkwardly, his absurd toe nails making a thumping little clatter.

At the foot of the stairs he gave a great sigh and started toward the door, when his little heart gave a leap of terror; for seated on the stone step in the doorway was a young human — a very small human, to be sure — blocking his only way of escape. The calico pup was trapped.

The young human was a little boy of five or six, with rumpled, tow-colored hair and very dirty hands and face. One of his stockings had a great yawning hole in the knee, and the flesh that peeped through was scratched and grimy. He was not a robust little boy. His blue eyes were big and

sunken, and his cheeks were not round and rosy as they should have been. His expression was solemn. In his hand he held the end of a loaf of bread from which he took an occasional bite.

The little boy heard the calico pup as he scrambled down the stairs, and turned to see what it was. The pup stood stock still in his alarm, and they regarded each other suspiciously. The boy thrust his bread under his jacket and the dog crouched abjectly.

At length the strain of the situation began to tell on the pup, and he yawned tremulously, ending with a little nervous whine. For some reason this amused the little boy, and a half smile flashed across his pale features.

“Puppy,” said the little boy.

The calico pup did not reply, but he cocked his ridiculous head a trifle, which brought a thin little laugh from the child.

“Puppy-dog,” said the little boy again, and he stretched out an inviting hand.

This human did not look so terrible, after all, and the dog stood up and cocked his head over farther to one side. Still he did not dare advance. Then the little boy broke off a piece of his bread — a very small piece — and held it out. The pup sniffed, and the end of his tail wiggled a little, but he had learned caution in a hard school.

The little boy concluded that this was a game

worth while, and presently he tossed his piece of bread to the pup. The dog sidled suspiciously toward it, sniffed at it tentatively, gobbled it up, and then sat up expectantly on his haunches, now and then showing the end of a pink, moist tongue.

The child was delighted. He tossed another piece of bread to the pup, and then another, until at length he had coaxed him within reach. He put out his hand, but the dog ducked and jumped back. Then he broke off another piece of bread and held it out enticingly. The dog cocked his head, licked his chops, and lifted one front foot, but the child did not throw him the bread. So he sidled cautiously up, stretching his neck to its fullest extent, until his nose touched the ambrosial dainty. There seemed to be no trick about this, after all, and he gently took the bread and devoured it.

It was not long before the pup was in the little boy's lap, and they were eating the rest of the bread together. When the last crumb had vanished the puppy did not leap away, but placed his fore paws on the child's breast and gave him a slobbery, canine kiss on the cheek. The child gathered him impulsively in his arms and buried his face in the dog's stiff, dusty coat. The compact of friendship was sealed.

Presently the child arose, still holding the dog, and struggled up the stairs. This time the pup did

not feel so frightened; he did not try to escape. Up two flights they went, and then paused before one of the doors. Getting a new grip on his burden, the little boy managed to turn the knob and push open the door.

They passed through a room that was warm and steamy and then into another which was very quiet. There was a white bed in this room, with a long mound under the blanket, and on the pillow there was a white face, very thin and still. By the bedside sat a strange man, wearing round, black-rimmed glasses, with a gold watch in his hand. Standing by the foot of the bed was big, ferocious Mrs. O'Brien, who lived on the floor below.

Mrs. O'Brien heard the little boy as he entered, and turned upon him hurriedly. Her huge bulk bore him out into the other room, and there she held him with a fiery eye.

"Tommy Sweeney," she whispered hoarsely, "did n't I tell ye — Holy saints! What have ye there?"

"Thith ith," lisped Tommy, "thith ith — Maginnith."

"Maginnis is ut? Well, you take Maginnis an' trun 'im out. We can't have no lousy mutts around here now. Where did ye find the dirty baste?"

"He comed," explained Tommy. "I want him."

“ Well, ye can’t have ’im. We ’ve trouble enough here without havin’ that dirty gutter pup around under foot. Trun ’im out,” and she wafted Tommy and Maginnis before her to the door.

Tommy set the pup on the floor in the hallway and stood regarding him ruefully. Maginnis watched him with trustful eyes, his tail released slightly and trying to wag. Then he lifted his fore feet in a little half jump, whimpering softly as puppies do. Tommy eyed the door for a moment rebelliously, and then started toward the head of the stairs.

“ Come, Maginnith,” he commanded, and the two went clumping and scraping down the bare wooden stairs.

At the outer door Tommy paused and cast an inquiring look up and down the street, Maginnis, at his side, fixing a gaze of pleading adoration on the child’s smudgy face. The coast, fortunately, was clear, and Tommy started down the street, with Maginnis frisking clumsily at his heels. He turned up a narrow alley that he knew, and into an area behind a saloon. And here Tommy and Maginnis played a long game of their own devising, and the pup discovered that he possessed a joyful little bark.

That afternoon an ambulance came and carried Tommy’s mother away, and Mrs. O’Brien took Tommy in to live with her. Tommy did not like

this, and he had a feeling that he was not wholly welcome, so he troubled Mrs. O'Brien with his presence as little as possible.

He had great difficulty in persuading Maginnis not to follow him into the house, and after supper he stole down to find the pup lying patiently in the lower hall. Tommy was wise beyond his years in the ways of the street in which he lived, and he knew this would never do. So, with a piece of meat and a bit of bread, he enticed Maginnis back to the area behind the saloon, and then hastily retreated, placing a couple of boards across the opening into the narrow alley, so that Maginnis could not get out. Shriek and piteous protests pursued Tommy on his way back to Mrs. O'Brien's, and hot tears washed little paths down his cheeks, but he felt that he had acted for the best.

Next morning Tommy hastened to the rendezvous with a portion of his breakfast which he had secreted, and the greeting of Maginnis was joyous beyond words. There they played at their strange games all the forenoon, and there Maginnis made his home for many days, with his bed on a wad of excelsior in an old box in the corner of the yard. Sometimes a fat man in a white apron appeared at the back door of the saloon, but he smiled and called Tommy "kiddo," and did not drive Maginnis away. Sometimes he even threw things out that were good

to eat. He seemed to be an unusually kind sort of man.

But by-and-by there came a day when Tommy did not appear. All the forenoon Maginnis waited patiently at the barricade for his playmate, and all the afternoon, crying a little some of the time. He was very lonely, and the things the man in the white apron threw out somehow did not seem to taste so good. He went to bed in his box that night with a heavy heart. Next day Tommy did not come, either, nor the next, nor the next, and Maginnis forgot entirely that he had a joyous little bark, and his tail drooped back between his legs.

Tommy Sweeney, meanwhile, had become, technically, an orphan. For the white-faced woman had died quietly in a big hospital early one morning; and there never had been any father in Tommy's family so far as any one knew. Mrs. O'Brien tried to explain this to Tommy, and succeeded in frightening him into docility.

A policeman came and took Tommy away to a building with two green gas lamps in front of it. They ascended the steps and passed into a big room where a man in a blue coat with brass buttons sat on a platform behind a desk. The policeman explained about Tommy to the man behind the desk who turned and pressed a button. It was all rather frightful.

A woman in a white apron came and took Tommy

upstairs. She washed his face and hands and combed his hair and told him not to cry.

By-and-by the woman came again and took Tommy downstairs. There was a man waiting for him there—a youngish sort of man with a black mustache. The man smiled at Tommy.

“What is your name, young man?” he asked.

“Tommy Thweeney.”

“Well, you’re going with me, Tommy,” said the man. “I’m going to take you to a place where there are other little boys and girls, and you will have good things to eat, and new clothes, and a shiny white bed to sleep in. How will you like that?”

“Yeth, thir,” replied Tommy.

“Then,” continued the man, “perhaps if you’re good you will be taken out to the country to live, where there’ll be lots of fun playing with other children. Do you know about the country?”

“Jerthey?” asked Tommy.

“Well, something like Jersey,” said the man.

“Thure,” said Tommy.

So the man took Tommy to another building on another street—a tall brick building. Here Tommy’s name was written in another book and another lady in a white apron and a white cap and long white cuffs took Tommy up in an elevator. Tommy liked the elevator, and everybody smiled at him and

called him "young man," so he began to lose a little of his fear.

After Tommy had been in the shelter for a good many days, and had begun to get well enough acquainted with other little boys to tell them about Maginnis, he was taken in a railroad train a long way from the city to a place where a big building stood with trees around it and a lot of smaller houses and buildings not far away. The trees were all red and brown and yellow, and the air was quite chilly, but Tommy had warm clothes now and did n't mind. In fact, he was quite comfortable and happy, for his pale mother had been away from home or sick so much that he scarcely missed her now. He was very young, you know, and did not understand about family ties. What he did understand, though, was the heart warmth that a glad little bark can bring, the great peace that comes when a little wet nose is pushed up under your chin. So Tommy cried a little in the morning sometimes when he woke up and remembered.

Tommy was given to a gray-haired lady that was almost as big around as Mrs. O'Brien, but not nearly so fierce. In fact, she was a very gentle lady, and she kissed twenty little boys good night when she put them to bed. Tommy and the gray-haired lady and the other little boys lived together in one of the cottages near the big buildings. In the other cot-

tages there lived other groups of boys and girls of different ages. In a big barn were horses and cows and pigs; but in all this whole village of houses there was not a single little dog to play with — not one. The managers of our great orphanages are doing wonderful things in these days, but they still have much to learn.

So Tommy kept one thing in his heart that prevented him from being entirely happy. Otherwise it was pleasant enough. When the weather got colder warm coats and caps and mittens and rubbers came from somewhere, and there were great times in the playground after the snow fell. Then there was a wonderful room in the big building where Tommy went for a little while each day, and where all sorts of kindergarten lessons were taught and wonderful things were done with paper and scissors and blocks and a blackboard.

Visitors came sometimes to this place in motor cars. One lady, who wore very black, glossy fur, came to Tommy's cottage quite often, and one day she talked with Tommy. She was a beautiful lady with a soft voice and sweet smells about her, and her fingers lay on Tommy's head in an extraordinarily pleasant manner. I forgot to say that Tommy's cheeks had become round and pink, and a sparkle had come into his blue eyes; also he was always washed and combed and brushed now, and seldom

had smutches on his cheeks. All this seemed to please the lady.

Next time she came she stopped at the big brick building only for a moment, and then had the chauffeur drive her right over to the cottage where Tommy lived. The chauffeur wore furs too, and sat up on the front seat like a picture of a bear. Tommy watched him from the window.

The large, gray-haired matron brought Tommy down to talk with the lady. She lifted him to her knee and smoothed back his hair with very soft hands, and they became very friendly indeed. Tommy grew quite confidential and told the lady all he could remember about the street he had lived in and the fire escapes and Mrs. O'Brien and the pale mother who was sick so much and the fat man with the white apron. He kept putting off telling her about Maginnis, because a lump came into his throat whenever he tried.

The lady saw there was something else to tell, and finally she drew it out of him.

“An’ the fat man thwowed thingth an’ Maginnith yumped. An’ he whithled like when I put the board up. An’ we wunned up an’ down an’ Maginnith thaid ‘wa! wa! wa!’ An’—” But Tommy could tell no more. His lower lip was trembling and his eyes were all watery. The lady put her arm around his shoulders and drew him closer, and he

put his face right down in the glossy black furs and cried.

When that was over, Tommy felt a great peace stealing over him. It was good to be in this lady's arms. He looked up into her face. There were tears in her lovely eyes, too. Tommy was quite surprised.

"Did you ever thee Maginnith?" he asked.

"No," admitted the lady, "I never actually saw Maginnis."

Next time Tommy's lady came it was after Sunday school and there was a man with her. He had a red face and bright, black eyes, and said "Hm! Hm!" a great deal. But he seemed more embarrassed than anything else, and he and the pretty lady appeared to be very fond of each other. He was not the sort of man to frighten one. They both talked to Tommy, but the lady did most of the talking. At the door, as they were going, the lady asked the gentleman a question that Tommy could not hear.

"Sure," the man responded. "Seems to be a normal sort of a little beggar." The lady seemed quite satisfied with that.

Well, the lady came again in a few days and took Tommy away in the automobile. Tommy was rather sorry to leave the gray-haired matron and the other children, but the lady asked him quite frankly

if he would like to go and live with her, and he was forced to admit that he would.

They went a long way in the automobile and the lady had plenty of time to tell him of lots of nice things he was to have. The lady was to be his mother, it seemed, and he was to have a sunny room all his own to play in, with white rabbits and black cats and pink pigs and roosters of all colors on the wall. He was to have a great, big box full of tin soldiers in blue and red coats, and a man that sawed wood when you wound him up, and a train of cars on a track, and blocks to build a church with, and — and a little brown dog with a short nose and a short tail and a round head.

Tommy looked up quickly at the lady, and his lip trembled, but he said nothing. The lady did n't say anything more, either, but she took his hand and patted it a little. She seemed to understand.

So that is the end of the story of Tommy Sweeney. He went to live in a beautiful home where he had everything heart could desire. He grew strong and happy and very, very fond of the pretty lady and the red-faced gentleman. Fortune certainly smiled on Tommy Martin, née Sweeney. Also it was very pleasant for the little brown dog with the round head.

But what of Maginnis, the calico pup? He did

not suffer much in the area way, for he had a warm place to sleep in and more or less to eat, but there are other pains than those of the flesh. He felt utterly forsaken and heart-broken, and when he found the barrier down one morning he crawled over it and slunk out to the street. He turned to the left and trotted along, keeping close to the buildings, till he came to the doorway where he had first found Tommy Sweeney and his bread.

Maginnis sniffed about the stone steps, but discovered no friendly scent. He entered the doorway and went up the flight of stairs to Mrs. O'Brien's floor, where he found the smell of cooking but nothing else. On the floor above he found odors so strange that fear seized him again and he hurried back to the street, quite convinced that his playfellow had departed forever.

He turned and trotted up the sidewalk without any particular purpose, sniffing hopelessly at various objects as he passed along. He crossed one or two broad streets, hurrying aimlessly along between the human ant hills that were now becoming more elegant, till he came to the great thoroughfare through which the traffic of the world even then was passing. All along the cross street humans had been coming out of doorways and here at the corner there were so many of them, and they seemed so hurried and so terrible, that Maginnis turned fearfully back. The

area was better than this; it was at least safe.

So he retraced his steps, crossing the broad streets amid grave perils, till he reached the corner of his own and Tommy's block. He had forgotten all about the savage mob of young humans that had assaulted him the day he arrived, but they were there. One of them set up a cry that he imagined to be an imitation of the yelp of a dog. Another savage rushed at Maginnis with outstretched hands and a look of fiendish glee on his face.

Thoroughly panic-stricken, Maginnis dashed blindly out into the street, to find himself hopelessly lost in a forest of great rolling and stamping things. He tried to turn to avoid a big brown horse, and something struck him and knocked him over. One short yelp of pain and fright escaped him, and then the wheel of a thundering truck rolled over him, leaving a poor, crushed, unlovely carcass in the street.

The young savages stepped into the road as soon as opportunity offered, with apparently some ill-defined intention regarding the remains, but the policeman, happening along, dispersed them. With his big foot he pushed the stiffening body of the calico pup up to the curb, and went off to telephone to the Board of Health.

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The high court of judgment was convened in the

Dogs' Heaven. Hundreds of dog angels gathered to witness the proceedings — canine heroes, the good and great ones of all time. There were Beautiful Joe and Rip Van Winkle's Wolf, Patrasche, the dog of Flanders, big Rab, and even Mother Hubbard's poor dog. There were Sir Walter Scott's favorite Camp, J. G. Holland's Blanco, Enos A. Mills's Scotch, Robert Hichens's Whisper, and John Muir's brave little Stikeen. At one side stood Jack London's terrible White Fang, as a sort of sergeant-at-arms. Grouped in a semi-circle stood the heroes of the hospice of St. Bernard, and on the high judge's seat was the St. Bernard Barry who had saved forty lives of men. On his right sat faithful Gelert, and on his left Greyfriars Bobby. In front, Bob, Son of Battle, sat with the Book of Record, and the great gate of Heaven was guarded by Old Dog Tray.

Presently a little scratching was barely audible without, and there was silence and a pricking up of ears. Old Dog Tray lowered his muzzle and sniffed at the threshold. Again came the timid scratching. Tray turned his head and Judge Barry nodded. Rising on his hind feet Tray swung open the ponderous portal, and there entered, with awed hesitation, the shade of a little, piebald pup, with wondering, frightened eyes and a long, crooked tail tucked between his legs.

The big door clanged shut and the little stranger

stood cowering in the midst of the august assemblage. His eyes roved about in dumb pleading. What was this new danger that threatened him? Was the harassed little spirit admitted here to be torn asunder by White Fang and his powerful companions? The calico pup sank back in the crouch of fear.

“The name,” demanded Judge Barry in his deep voice.

“Maginnis,” read Bob, Son of Battle, from his book. “Mongrel; ten months old; slain by a motor truck.”

“And the charges against him?”

Oor Bob turned the page and read: “On September 4, 1913, stole one smoked herring from a box in the doorway of a grocery store on upper Broadway, New York.”

“Any others?” asked Judge Barry.

“No others,” answered Bob.

“Are any virtues recorded?”

“One,” replied Bob. “He loved a little boy.”

There was a pause, and some of the great dogs cast meaning glances at one another, as though they understood about little boys.

“Is that all the history recorded?” asked the judge.

“That is all the history recorded,” said Bob, Son of Battle, and added, “He was very young.”

Judge Barry consulted for a moment in a gruff undertone with Gelert and Greyfriars Bobby, and all the court waited in silence. The little calico pup watched the great St. Bernard with eyes of plaintive inquiry. Presently the judge spoke.

“The Court finds,” said he, “that the virtues of Maginnis outweigh his faults. He is therefore admitted to Heaven.”

Then a wonderful thing happened to Maginnis. Old Dog Tray, who had been standing beside him, turned and licked the notched ear. Bob, Son of Battle, laid down his book, and came forward with friendly, wagging tail. Then came all the high court, the St. Bernards and the heroes of song and story, to offer their congratulations — Newfoundlands, collies, mastiffs, and Great Danes. Even Barry and the two associate judges descended from the dais and favored him with friendly caresses.

Little Maginnis, at first amazed and terrified, soon perceived that all the great conclave was bent upon being friendly. His tail came out from between his legs and began to wag violently; he could hardly keep his fore feet on the ground. Then, with a bark of unrestrained delight he went bounding off across the Elysian fields, with little Stikeen and a romping spaniel, a disembodied spirit of pure joy, the spirit of one who had loved and had done no wrong, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE MADNESS OF ANTONY SPATOLA



THE MADNESS OF ANTONY SPATOLA

IF Antony Spatola had gone blind all at once, without warning, he would no doubt have been swept into an emotional tempest and have ended his life in some dramatic manner. As it was, he allowed himself the luxury of recurrent fits of wild terror and deepest melancholy, but they did not end fatally. The periods between ravings and silence were marked by irritability of temper and bitterness. For the blindness came gradually, leaving him no courage for self-slaughter nor any good reason for being pleasant.

Antony had never been sweet tempered. That was one of the reasons why he had not prospered. When a lady takes a brooch to a jeweler to be mended, she does not like to be scolded for buying cheap workmanship. Antony, in fact, did not like ladies and he took but little pains to conceal his animosity.

Another cause for the dull progress of his commercial career was an overpowering aversion for work in the early hours of the day. This was usually dissipated by noon, but seldom before that.

Customers would come in the forenoon to inquire for promised work only to find it unfinished and Antony in his shirtsleeves sitting before his shop door, his hands clasped over an unlovely rotundity that was generally concealed by the counter. The vision was not alluring, neither were the lowering looks and rumbling grunts which formed his answers to inquiries. Some people even went so far as to fear Antony Spatola in this mood.

Antony blamed his ill success upon the American inability to appreciate good workmanship.

“In one t'ousand watchmakers in this country,” he would say, “in one t'ousand watchmakers there are four masters only. There was one other, but he died, an old man. I knew him. There are now three beside myself. These people do not understand. They do not know good work when they see it. Everything of the cheapest they must have. What will it cost? What will it cost? Ha!” And he would raise his palms and eyes toward Heaven.

That he was a true craftsman was not to be gainsaid, and when slowly darkness fell and he could no longer see clearly through the little magnifying glass thrust into his eye, his despair was deep and genuine. No longer to handle watch wheels and jewelry, delicate gold filigree and precious stones, to make and to mend and to set right, this meant the end of

life for Antony Spatola. No wonder he stormed and grieved by turns.

At least he was not left alone. In fact, Antony was rather oversupplied with family, due largely to the amazing vitality of the tall, ample, dark-eyed woman to whom, after a passionate wooing long ago, he had been married. There were twelve of them in all — or was it thirteen? It was a mercy that some of them had grown old enough to leave home, for there were still plenty of young ones left to get about under foot. Only Loretta seemed worth while — heavy-featured, witless Loretta whom men did not desire. For in spite of her slow-moving brain she had managed to learn enough to help her mother with the children and the manifold duties of the little household behind the shop, and even to attend upon customers when the need arose. And Loretta's heart was warm and sound.

When the blackness at last closed in upon Antony and work could no longer be accepted from customers, Mrs. Spatola and Loretta went carefully over the stock and the books and came to an inevitable conclusion. The amount of business transacted in the retailing of watches and jewelry was quite inadequate to pay their rent, not to mention the purchase of food for a hungry family.

Antony's capable wife did not hesitate. She moved his chair to a sunny spot in the area outside

the back door, sold out the stock and fixtures to their rival at the corner, and in five days had converted Antony Spatola's shop and jewelry establishment into a fruit store.

The townsfolk gasped at the suddenness of the transformation. The dingy gilt watch was removed from its place over the door and from the hook was suspended a huge bunch of red bananas. A polished copper peanut roaster whistled just outside. In the windows appeared orderly piles of golden oranges and rosy apples, where alarm clocks and watch fobs and brooches had formerly been displayed. Within the shop crates and boxes and barrels of berries, fruits, and nuts lined the walls, and Mrs. Spatola donned a white apron as proprietress, with Loretta as first assistant.

Antony rebelled mildly at the change, but he could not see it and only grumbled ineffectually. Loretta patted his shoulder and said, "We have a fine store, papa. We shall make good money."

Next to Loretta, blind Antony's solace was Gypsy, a wire-haired fox terrier that Izzolo the cobbler had brought to him ten years before as a fuzzy puppy. Gypsy's mother had been all things to Izzolo, and when the cobbler had left for the West he brought the puppy to his compatriot with the tears of farewell in his eyes, vowing eternal friendship, and they had never heard from him again.

At first Gypsy had been an unmitigated nuisance about the place, and Antony drove him into the back rooms with hoarse roarings a dozen times a day. But as he grew older he wriggled his absurd way into the watchmaker's heart and found one of its few tender spots. Now he was old, as a terrier's life is reckoned, and glad enough to spend his days beside the blind man in the sunny spot outside the back door. He had no more interest in the fruit business than had his master.

"Gyp, are you there?" Antony would cry when the darkness grew too much for him, and the little dog would arouse himself stiffly and, stretching, place his forepaws on his master's knee.

"Up," Antony would command, and Gypsy, the spring gone out of him, would clamber laboriously up, with much scratching of his hind paws for a foothold, and compose himself as comfortably as might be on the inadequate lap.

Then Antony would talk to him, sometimes of the sunny fields and vineyards of Italy, or of Milan and the old watchmaker who had taught him his trade; but more often he would pour into the dog's sympathetic ears his woes and grievances, which were many. And Gypsy would raise his brows and look up adoringly into the puffy face and sightless eyes. He never knew that Antony was a misanthrope or that he was blind; he only rejoiced that a kindly fate

had so disposed matters that his master was able to spend much time with him in the sunshine now that his legs were stiff and rheumatic and his teeth troublesome.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to imagine what possessed old Gypsy to stray out upon the street during the noon hour and allow himself to be run down by an automobile. Doubtless it was a merciful death, for it was prompt and conclusive and Gypsy's remaining days bade fair to be few at best and full of suffering. His old ears gave him no warning nor his old legs any chance for escape; the great, crushing thing bore down upon him swiftly and his loyal spirit escaped without a struggle.

Loretta, who was in the store while the family were at dinner, rushed out wild-eyed and gasping and caught the poor, muddy little form to her breast. Weeping hysterically she bore it in and laid it beside the melons and tomatoes, moaning over it and rocking back and forth upon her knees.

Mrs. Spatola's quick ear caught the unusual sound and she hastened in.

"Hush!" she cried, taking in the situation at a glance. "Do not let your father hear. He must not know. Ah, poor little Gypsy! A curse on all automobiles! Hush, you fool! Don't make so much noise. We will bury him to-night, poor old

Gypsy. But your father must not know. He would go mad."

But Antony had to know, of course. At least, he had to know that no pattering feet answered his call and no moist little nose sought his hand.

"Where is that Gyp?" he roared. "Have you shut him up somewhere? What have you done with him? Send him to me!"

So they took counsel together and told him that Gypsy had strayed away and would doubtless soon be back.

"It's a lie!" shouted the blind man. "Make no jokes with me. Some one has tied him up. He never goes away. You are making jokes with me because I cannot see." His voice trailed off into a plaintive whine.

For another day they kept up the deception with him and he rapidly became unbearable. Customers coming into the store heard him raving and turned inquiring eyes upon Loretta and her mother.

"It is the dog Gypsy he wants," explained Mrs. Spatola in lowered tones. "An automobile killed him and Antony does not know. He will go mad."

That evening an idea came to the half-crazed mind of Loretta. It was not a prudent idea, for Loretta was not gifted with wisdom. It was an idea born of desperation and the intolerable tension that un-

settled the Spatola household. After nightfall she pinned a shawl about her throat and stole out.

Half a mile or more south of the center of the town there is a fine old Colonial mansion with white pillars along its front, standing a hundred yards back from the road at the end of a magnificent avenue of elm trees. Huge green balls of century-old box guard the house entrance and about the grounds there are plantings of shrubbery and evergreens. At some distance behind are the kitchen garden and greenhouse, the gardener's cottage and garage, the stables, and the long, low building where dwell in luxury the aristocratic dogs of Miss Harriet Ormonde under the care of Bodley, the English kennelman.

You have doubtless seen Miss Ormonde's photograph in the Sunday papers with her fluffy, chocolate-colored Pomeranian, Frou-Frou, in her arms. And if you follow the news of the dog fancy you know all about her fox and Scottish terriers.

Of these the most marvelous is the wire-haired fox terrier Champion Rodney II, known from coast to coast, whose blue ribbons and silver trophies would fill his comfortable kennel. On one occasion Rodney achieved that highest of all canine honors: he was adjudged the best of all breeds at Madison Square Garden.

In spite of all this Rodney is no snob. At the



The wire-haired fox terrier Champion Rodney II, whose blue ribbons and silver trophies would fill his comfortable kennel

bench shows he is greedy of attention and will beg for the caress of the casual visitor as eagerly as your own Duke or Fido begs for his lump of sugar. And in the streets of his own town he is a well known character, riding with his mistress when she goes to do her marketing and showing a most democratic desire to leap out and form the acquaintance of unclassified dogs-about-town.

Often Loretta had seen him when Miss Ormonde came in for fruit. In her eyes he was the counterpart of Gypsy, though show judges might have formed a different opinion. For Gypsy was inclined to legginess and his ears were not according to the standard; but Loretta observed only the bright eyes and wiry coat of Rodney and understood why Miss Ormonde loved him.

Loretta now remembered Rodney, and the thought of him took the form of a resolve in her queerly ordered mind. Rodney was needed for the peace of the Spatola household. As Rebekah had deceived Isaac with Jacob, when the blind old man sought hairy Esau, so would Loretta deceive her father with the shaggy back and moist nose of Rodney.

She made her way stealthily along the Ormonde fence and into the yard, keeping in the shadows of the trees and behind the rhododendrons and spireas. Fortune favored Loretta, for the dogs had not yet

been chained for the night and Bodley was somewhere indoors. Skirting the house and service yard she at length found herself, panting with fear and excitement, beside the greenhouse and the long row of kennels.

She gave a low whistle and made a little kissing sound with her lips. Rodney, the friendliest of all the Ormonde dogs, came trotting up expectantly, his short tail wagging rapidly, closely followed by waddling, solemn-faced Macbeth, the grizzled Scottish terrier.

Loretta held out a trembling hand and Rodney came up to her without hesitation. She picked him up eagerly, saying little soft, crooning things to him, and started back into the shadows.

At this Macbeth gave voice to a loud, deep bark of alarm, quite out of proportion to his size, and the other dogs, catching the tone of it, joined in a vigorous chorus. Bodley, who, from long association with dogs, knew something of their language, came hurrying up from somewhere, anxious to learn the cause of the commotion.

Loretta, catching sight of him in the half light of the open space in front of the kennels, crouched breathless behind a clump of shrubbery, hugging Rodney desperately to her bosom. The dog, in protest against the unnecessary pressure, let out a sharp bark. His quick-eared companions answered

vociferously, and Bodley started toward her, peering sharply into the darkness.

Loretta did not wait to be caught lurking there. In a panic she started across the lawn toward the gate, clasping more tightly her precious burden. Again the terrier spoke and Bodley, catching sight of her rapidly moving figure, gave chase. He took a more direct route to the gate and headed her off.

Loretta, finding her exit blocked, stopped in terror, awaiting his threatening approach. She had not prepared herself to cope with such a situation.

Bodley, seeing it was a woman, unclenched his fists and strode up to her.

“What are you doing with that dog?” he demanded.

She did not reply, nor could he wring any word from her.

“You ’ll talk later,” said he, seizing her by the arm. “Come with me. I shall telephone for a policeman.”

Loretta, her knees nearly giving way beneath her, offered no resistance but suffered herself to be led up to the big house. They stood outside on the porch, Loretta still holding the dog as though her life depended upon it, while a maid hastened to fetch Miss Ormonde.

That lady was inclined to be severe. She ques-

tioned Loretta angrily, her indignation not softened by the culprit's refusal to make answer. Suddenly she reached out to take the now quiet Rodney into her own arms. Loretta instinctively tightened her hold, but Bodley seized her wrist and she was forced to relinquish her prize. Then she sank in a graceless, pathetic heap on the piazza floor and burst into loud and uncontrolled sobbing.

Miss Ormonde, annoyed and perplexed, allowed her attention to be diverted from Rodney, and the warm-hearted little dog leaped from her arms and walked up to Loretta, his quick sympathies touched by her obvious grief. Placing his forepaws on her shoulder he tentatively licked her ear, and Loretta, not knowing what she did, put out one hand and laid it gently on his sturdy little back.

Miss Ormonde stooped down and tried to peer into Loretta's face.

"You are Spatola's girl," said she.

Loretta nodded her head.

"Why did you try to steal Rodney?" asked Miss Ormonde.

"For papa," replied Loretta chokingly. "He is blind, and he goes mad for Gypsy."

"For Gypsy?"

"Yes, he was killed — by an automobile. Papa does not know — yet. We needed another dog so that he would not know and would not go mad."

“Go home,” said Miss Ormonde, rising. “I know who she is,” she added to Bodley. “The matter can wait till to-morrow.”

Loretta rose quickly and scuffled off down the gravel walk, her shoulders still heaving convulsively.

In the morning Miss Ormonde’s car drew up before the fruit store and the lady alighted. Mrs. Spatola came to the doorway, a haggard look in her fine dark eyes.

“Did your girl tell you what happened last night?” inquired Miss Ormonde.

Mrs. Spatola shook her head. “I only know she is half crazy,” she said. “We shall soon be a mad-house here.”

A small Spatola came toddling out from the back room, and stood gazing up at the lady with big, liquid eyes from the protection of his mother’s skirts.

“Antony is blind,” continued the Italian woman. “Perhaps you knew. Now he goes mad because Gypsy his little dog is dead and does not come to him.”

The voice of Antony Spatola could be heard making its sonorous complaints in the rear.

“May I see him?” asked Miss Ormonde.

Mrs. Spatola hesitated, but the lady walked past her, through the two small rooms behind the store,

redolent with garlic, and out where Antony sat, untidy and grumbling, in his chair.

"Good morning, Mr. Spatola," said Miss Ormonde.

Her voice was half familiar but aroused no interest in him.

"Morning," said he, gruffly. His wife and Loretta and one or two children stood grouped in the doorway, looking on wonderingly.

"You are waiting for Gypsy?" inquired the visitor.

Antony looked up eagerly. "Yes, yes!" he cried, "I have called him and he does not come. I cannot see and I do not know where they have hid him from me."

Miss Ormonde stood thoughtfully silent for a moment.

"Gypsy will not come any more," she said quietly. "He is dead."

A gasping cry escaped Loretta, and Mrs. Spatola hurriedly crossed herself. Antony half rose from his chair, his sightless eyes staring horribly.

"Dead? Dead?" he cried. Then he sank back, growling in his throat. "It is a lie! You are making bad jokes with me."

"No, it is true," asserted Miss Ormonde quietly. "He was killed by an automobile. He will not come any more. It is best you should know,"

“Dead!” cried Antony in despair. “Why did they not tell me?” and he broke off into plaintive Italian. Great tears formed in his blind eyes and rolled down his puffy, unshaven cheeks. Miss Ormonde bit her lips.

“Wait a moment,” said she, and turned back into the house.

“He will not go mad now,” she assured the frightened wife and daughter. “He would have had to know some time. It would have done no good to try to deceive him with another dog, for he could have told the difference. Rodney is livelier than old Gypsy,” she added, turning to Loretta. “He would have known at once. No two dogs are alike and the blind have shrewd fingers.”

Then she went back through the store to her car, leaving them standing in silent bewilderment.

Presently she returned, bearing in her arms a black and white terrier. It was not Rodney, for Rodney was worth a thousand dollars and was the pride of his mistress’s heart. It was Bowker, a litter brother of Rodney’s, who had developed a body too long and a muzzle too short for the show bench, but who had inherited from his high-born parents much of his brother’s winsomeness of character. And because he had been such an adorable little imp of a puppy, Miss Ormonde had kept him.

"Come," she said, "let us see what effect Bowker has upon him."

They passed back through the garlic-scented rooms again to where Antony sat in deepest gloom, his chin sunk upon his breast. Silently Miss Ormonde placed the terrier on the blind man's knees.

Antony's head came up with a jerk and a sudden light came into his face. He laid his sensitive, skilful hands upon the dog's back and head, felt of his paws, his ears, his nose. Then a red flash of wrath spread quickly over his countenance and he pushed Bowker roughly off upon the ground.

"You cannot fool me!" cried Antony in a rage. "You cannot make jokes with me. I cannot see, but I can tell. That is not Gypsy."

"No," responded Miss Ormonde, "that is not Gypsy, for Gypsy is dead. But it is a dog very like Gypsy. He could take Gypsy's place, perhaps."

But Antony would have none of it. He rumbled out his bilingual objurgations while his visitor waited patiently for the storm to subside.

Bowker, meanwhile, unaccustomed to such repulses as he had received, sat upon his haunches and gazed up in pained surprise at this strange, big, frightful man, cocking his head a little at the hoarse tones of his voice. Then, his native curiosity getting the better of him, he stood up and cautiously approached. The man did nothing except emit

noises. Bowker came closer and sniffed tentatively at his trouser legs. He detected something of absorbing interest there. A man who smells of dog is to be neither feared nor hated.

Bowker lifted his nose and sniffed higher. Then, very gently, he raised himself on his hind legs and placed his forepaws on Antony's knee, looking up inquiringly into the blind eyes.

The rumbling died out in Antony's throat. Slowly he raised a groping hand and rested it for a moment on the dog's paws. A little moist tongue came out and touched it. Antony's hand sought the hard little head and then traveled slowly, hesitatingly down the shaggy neck.

Bowker gave a quick spring and landed on Antony's knees, sniffing eagerly at his vest. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he lifted his pert little head and caught Antony under the fat chin with his cold, bewhiskered nose. Antony drew back his head with a grunt that was almost a chuckle, and Bowker boldly stood up with his paws on Antony's shoulder and sniffed at his ear.

Not ungently the blind watchmaker took the mischievous head and drew it back to a spot less ticklish. Bowker sank down with a contented little sigh, and fearsome Antony wrapped his arms about him and, forgetful of his audience, bent down and kissed the little rascal impulsively between the eyes.

Silently Miss Ormonde drew Loretta and her mother within the doorway. Mrs. Spatola turned passionately to her and seized her hand.

“God and Mary bless you!” she cried.

Miss Ormonde did not answer. She only smiled a little tremulously and patted Loretta’s shoulder, and then hurried back through the store, fearful lest they observe what was in her eyes.

JUSTICE AT VALLEY BROOK

JUSTICE AT VALLEY BROOK

THE doors of Madison Square Garden had closed at the end of the first day of the big show. Elegantly gowned women and men bearing baskets and hampers were hurrying downstairs from the toy dog section. Ying Tow, Mrs. Du Pont's idol-faced Pekingese, was giving his mistress no little concern by reason of a touch of hoarseness in his voice. He had been protesting all day in his sharp little falsetto bark against confinement and unwelcome attentions. Mrs. Du Pont took him out of his basket and carried him in her arms; whereat sixty-four nervous Irish terriers set up a tremendous din, and strained at their fastenings as though famished for a taste of Chinese blood.

Here and there a solicitous owner led out his favorite on a leash, causing vociferous envy among his rivals. The Airedale Ortheris came within striking distance of the Irish setter O'Hara's Duke, and created wild commotion by lunging at the glossy, red-brown throat.

Then the lights were turned low, and there was a lessening of the racket. The old-timers were already sound asleep on their straw and cedar shav-

ings. Champion Dolly, the pure white and much powdered English bull, who had become quite blasé toward blue ribbons, lay snoring loudly through her punched-in nose. Prince Rupert, the lordly Great Dane, gave voice to one booming protest, and thumped down in his narrow quarters.

The attendants went about with pails of water, filling the dishes. Little Emily, the coal-black cocker, sat stiffly erect, holding her dish in her teeth. This was not the only trick in Emily's pack; but she considered it her most effective one. Patsy, the white bull terrier, stood with his fore feet on the back of his stall and howled miserably for his departed master.

Gradually the noise diminished to the low mutterings of ordinary conversation, except for an occasional bark here and there, and the ill-timed insults hurled back and forth by the impudent fox terriers, especially the wire-haired bunch from Oak Park, Illinois.

One of the occasional barks came from beneath the silky ruff of young Sir Donald, a handsome sable collie, who in four months had won eight points toward the fifteen required for his championship, and was naturally not a little set up about it. He was promptly answered by the Laird o' Dundee, who had been snappish and irritable all day.

"Oh, shut up!" said the Laird.

“Rough-neck!” retorted Sir Donald in a manner not at all creditable to his Brookline training.

The Laird was a bit out of coat this season, and had n’t got a smell at a ribbon. “Puppy!” he growled, and curled up on his straw.

“Poor old Laird!” laughed Sir Donald. “He’ll never see blue again.”

“All the same,” said pretty Lady Jane of Bryn Mawr, Sir Donald’s right-hand neighbor, “I think the Laird is very distinguished looking. And they say he was a great favorite at the Edinburgh show two years ago. Perhaps our air does n’t agree with him.”

“Something disagrees with him, that’s sure. They must have queer taste in Edinburgh.”

“Well, he’s genuine Scotch,” insisted Lady Jane. “I love the way he burs his R’s.”

“Burs nothing!” retorted Sir Donald. “I understand he came from Glasgow, and no doubt he’s got Lowland blood. He talks as if his mouth was full of chicken bones. If you want to hear a genuine bur, you ought to listen to Jock o’ the Hills, a little West Highland White they’ve got at our kennels. He’s a pleasant little old chap too; but he says ‘Gude mor-r-rnin’ as if he was growling at the milkman.”

Lady Jane laughed politely. She was proud to be stationed next to aristocratic Sir Donald; but she did not wholly like him.

On Sir Donald's left was the formidable entry of the Valley Brook Kennels — seven collies of royal blood. As a whole they looked upon Sir Donald and his somewhat vain loquacity with antagonism.

Somewhere down the line a voice was raised in taunting challenge to the would-be sleepers. Sir Donald answered in a tone of boisterous raillery. Then up rose The Abbot, in the midst of the Valley Brook group, and shook his chain.

“Look here, young feller!” said he to Sir Donald. “Let me give you a piece of advice. If you want to look like a whipped mutt in the ring to-morrow, all you've got to do is to stay awake and keep up your infernal yapping. And by the third day you'll be so on edge that you'll be snapping at every lady that wears furs. That will look real pretty for a blue ribbon dandy, won't it?”

Sir Donald subsided, a trifle abashed; but in the face of Lady Jane he felt he must keep up his air of bravado.

“Who's your majestic friend?” he asked of the old tricolor at his left, who occupied the last place on the Valley Brook bench.

Old Scotch raised his tan eyebrows a bit and looked at Sir Donald, his nose resting on his paws. “That's The Abbot,” he replied tersely, “three times a champion.”

“And now a back number,” grunted Sir Donald.

Old Scotch did not answer. He was a back number himself, and he knew it. But there was no wiser dog in Madison Square Garden that night than Old Scotch. Born in Scotland, he had been taken to British Columbia when still a puppy and trained to handle sheep. When only three years old he had saved a baby from a burning cabin, and six months later had brought his master to the aid of a stranger who had fallen and broken his leg when shooting in the mountains. That was why he had later come back East with the hunter and had been given a place of honor in the Valley Brook Kennels, where his sagacity and advancing years had won for him the place of a Nestor among the Valley Brook collies.

Sir Donald knew nothing of this. He looked upon Scotch as an amiable old scout, a bit too short in the muzzle, too wide between the eyes, and too heavy in the shoulders to qualify under the standard. He wondered why they should bench Old Scotch at all.

Old Scotch had been regarding Sir Donald all day, and though he deprecated the bumptiousness of the novice, he could not help admiring the fine young animal. All he needed was a little training.

Again the Laird o' Dundee lifted his voice down the line, and again Sir Donald leaped to his feet and

answered. Then, at the farther end of the Valley Brook bench, there rose a great blue merle, with a wonderful head, and turned a pair of austere blue eyes upon Sir Donald.

“That will do!” said he, in a low tone that nevertheless reached Sir Donald’s ears distinctly and left him more humiliated than he had been when The Abbot rebuked him. He slunk down and pretended that he had decided to go to sleep. He did not look at Lady Jane.

Presently Sir Donald turned his head a little toward Old Scotch. “That was Champion Roderick Dhu, was n’t it?” he asked.

“That was Roderick Dhu,” replied Old Scotch, just opening his eyes.

“They say he killed Rob Roy of Valley Brook — is that so?” asked Sir Donald.

“In a fair fight,” returned Old Scotch loyally.

Sir Donald thrust out his head and took a good look at Roderick. The big merle had curled up again and was apparently fast asleep. On a card above him was the word “Reserve.” Sir Donald experienced an unusual feeling of respect not un-mixed with wonder. Roderick Dhu did not look like a murderer.

Sir Donald drew back again and turned an inquiring eye upon Old Scotch.

The veteran was watching him with disconcerting

intentness. At length he asked, "Did you ever see Rob Roy?"

"No," replied Sir Donald meekly.

"Rob Roy," said Old Scotch, "was a sable, a little heavier than you, and a little darker. He had the head of a Prince and the heart of a wolf; but the judges don't look for heart attributes, and so Rob Roy got 'Ch.' stuck in front of his name. He was a fixture at the shows, and always attracted much admiration on account of his fine head, which he got from his mother, old Mary Queen of Scots. His yellow streak he got from his father, Carlyle's Tom, who was shot by a farmer in a sheep pasture. This is the first year in six — no, seven — that Rob Roy has n't been on his bench at the Westminster show; yet you are the only one I've heard mention his name. Now I'm going to tell you about Rob Roy, and then you'll understand why he is n't talked about by the collies of Valley Brook."

Sir Donald settled down, and Old Scotch crept as far over as he could, so that Lady Jane might hear.

"Rob Roy was not a dull puppy; but he was obstinate. There were some things that he would not learn. For one thing, he would steal dinners. No matter how much there was in his own dish, he persisted in sneaking the choicest bits out of the others. Of course that won't do in kennels like ours. We have to have peace, and the only way to preserve it

is to create a feeling of confidence through mutual respect of property rights. It took two whippings by our kennel master, and I don't know how many nips from the rest of us, to teach him that lesson.

“ Gradually he learned the wisdom of respecting rules and traditions ; but the black blood of the sheep killer was in his veins, and many of the things he learned did not sink into his heart.

“ Jealousy, of course, is a normal impulse of a dog. You can't love as dogs do, unable to tell your master or mistress about it ; and be free from occasional pangs of jealousy. But such pangs ought to pass quickly and leave no ill effects. In Rob Roy jealousy seemed to act like poison.

“ Rob Roy and his sister Elizabeth were born at Valley Brook, and from the time they opened their eyes Miss Lucy, up at the big house, picked them out and made pets of them. They were certainly a pair of merry little rascals. As they grew up she continued to treat them as her favorites, and to take them walking with her. The rest of us began to take it as a matter of course.

“ Rob Roy's jealousy was at first harmless enough, and rather absurd. If Miss Lucy patted Elizabeth or any of the other dogs, Rob Roy would come dashing frantically up, yelling ‘ Me too, me too ! Here I am ! ’ and would nose in between Miss Lucy and the

other dog. Of course Miss Lucy just laughed at him, and so did the rest of us.

“One day, however, the bad streak came out. The Abbot saw it. I did n’t believe it at the time. Miss Lucy had been paying most of her attention to Elizabeth, who was strutting about with a big bow of pink ribbon at her neck. Rob Roy had no bow, and was getting very little attention. His usual tactics were of no avail; in fact, he was so persistent that he annoyed Miss Lucy a little, and she put her hand on his nose and gave him a vigorous shove out of the way. Rob Roy knew she meant it, and he was angry and resentful. He snapped at Miss Lucy — think of that! He tore her sleeve, and I think he must have scratched her arm. He saw at once what he had done, and pretended to be playing, crouching and bounding off as if to attract her attention. She was easily deceived, and she forgave Rob Roy; but The Abbot was n’t deceived, and marked him down for what he was.

“Miss Lucy had another pet, a little black, bouncing Pomeranian named Tricksy. She was n’t much of a dog; but Miss Lucy loved anything soft and fluffy and joyous. Rob Roy was jealous of his sister; but his hatred of Tricksy passed all bounds. It was a sullen, red-eyed hatred, which did n’t always show on the surface.

“The Abbot said Rob Roy would kill Tricksy —

and he did. He watched his chance and waited with a patience worthy of a better cause. Then he caught the poor little thing alone down by the swamp one day — they used to let her run about a good deal — and came back with blood on his face and paws, and the smell of the murder about him.

“Of course we all knew what had happened, and the last shred of any good opinion any of us may have had of Rob Roy was blown away. A couple of hot-heads were for taking it out of his hide then and there; but two or three of us older dogs held them in check. The rule among dogs, if not among men, is always to give a dog one more chance, and Elizabeth, who really cared for her brother, pleaded for him. So we decided to await developments. Perhaps the men would trace the crime to the culprit, and take such measures as were fitting.

“But they did not suspect Rob Roy. They found poor little Tricksy, to be sure, dead and mangled; but stray dogs had recently been seen about the farm, and no one had observed Rob Roy going down to the swamp or returning.

“So the time for punishment passed, and Rob Roy went free. He began to take prizes at bench shows, and rode on the seat of the automobile with Miss Lucy. But he knew what we knew and what we thought of him. No one had much to do with him except Elizabeth.

“ Then came a day when Rob Roy attacked his sister. It was jealousy, of course. Something had happened to infuriate him. Perhaps Elizabeth had been taken riding instead of Rob Roy. Anyway, he set upon her back of the garage. She defended herself as well as she could; but she was smaller than her brother and he had the advantage of rage. When she at last shook herself free and came running back to the kennel her neck and ear and fore-leg were bleeding, and she was in pretty bad shape.

“ Now of course you know — you must know — that Rob Roy had committed the unpardonable sin. The last remaining vestige of honor in a mongrel’s dirty breast will prevent his attacking a female of his species with intent to maim or kill.

“ When Rob Roy returned he tried to carry the thing off with an attitude of bravado and indifference; but it did n’t work. We knew all we wanted to know, and Rob Roy knew that we knew. He was bold and truculent enough at first, when the hot-heads stalked slowly up to him, with their heads low and the bad look in their eyes. They circled round him, and one or two of them growled a little. Rob Roy began to lose his nerve and to slink a bit.

“ Then The Abbot, who was Elizabeth’s elder half brother, came trotting up from her kennel, with dread purpose in every line of him. Straight to

Rob Roy he came, and thrust his muzzle into the sable's face.

“ ‘ Coward ! ’ he growled.

“ Rob Roy drew back and showed his teeth.

“ The Abbot was old enough to display a more judicial attitude, but his blood was up, and it was fighting blood. One of the hotheads, encouraged by The Abbot's actions, rushed in with a snarl and nipped Rob Roy in the fore leg. The sable turned on him savagely — there was grit in him, it must be admitted. But he was attacked from the other side and turned again. Then The Abbot closed in, and there was a quick grapple and break.

“ Suddenly the hotheads were brushed aside and old Roderick Dhu, calm and severe, stood between The Abbot and Rob Roy.

“ ‘ This won't do, ’ said he. ‘ You 're not a pack of wolves. The men will be here presently, and there 'll be whips and hot water and no end of trouble. Wait till to-night, and I will settle with Rob Roy. ’

“ The Abbot protested; but Roderick forced him back, and Rob Roy slunk off to his kennel.

“ That night in the moonlight, after the men had gone to bed, Roderick called Rob Roy out back of the kennels and bade him stand up and take his punishment. Then Roderick leaped upon Rob Roy and bowled him over, and the battle was on.

“It was a fair fight and no favor — mark that. Rob Roy had youth and strength and endless malice, and we knew that old Roderick was taking his life in his paws. The merle had size and experience and cunning; but he was no longer young.

“At first there were the usual fierce rushes and feints, with their tax on wind and nerve. Twice old Roderick went over before Rob Roy’s impetuous charges. When they stood together on their hind legs in the struggle for a grip they looked to be an even match. Then they came to the clinch.”

Lady Jane and Sir Donald lay quivering with the excitement of the tale. Even Old Scotch’s nostrils betrayed agitation, and in his eyes there was the fire of a stirring memory.

“I have seen many fights in my day,” he continued, “good fights and bad, and I have had my own taste of blood and hair and have felt the agony of the throat grip and the laboring of the lungs, but never have I known such a fight as that one. They broke and clinched and broke again. Now one of them would seem to catch the deadly hold, only to be shaken off and fall victim to the quick return lunge of the other. It was a fight to the death, and they both knew it. Again and again Rob Roy’s youthful strength thwarted the well directed attack of Roderick. Again and again the sable’s powerful,

crushing charges were checked or turned aside by the big merle's weight and skill.

"Then Roderick Dhu suddenly went over squarely on his back before a side lunge, and Rob Roy leaped upon him with a murderous snarl. But it was an old trick of Roderick's which Rob Roy had never learned and was too blindly furious to grasp. As he fell upon Roderick the merle parried with both his fore paws, and Rob Roy's teeth snapped together in Roderick's ruff, just pinching the skin. With a quick upward thrust Roderick caught Rob Roy full in the under part of his throat in a mighty, throttling grip, and held on.

"Rob Roy gave a great heave and lift, which raised Roderick's shoulders clear of the ground; but he could not shake off that firm hold.

"Then followed the part that I do not like to remember — the death struggle of handsome young Rob Roy. It was pitiful to watch; but we knew it was justice. With the pain of that throat hold sapping the strength from his limbs, and fighting horribly for breath, he wrenched and twisted and heaved in a last agonized effort to break the deathly grip on his throat. All his dash and vigor were gone. It was pitiful!"

In the ears of Lady Jane the occasional yapping of the fox terriers sounded trivial and irrelevant. Sir Donald did not hear them at all.

“ Finally Rob Roy lost his footing, and slowly, deliberately Roderick Dhu rose above him — and finished the job!

“ The men found Rob Roy’s body next day and took it away. They seemed to be much puzzled. They found the marks of battle on Roderick; but they knew his settled temper and thought he must have been attacked by Rob Roy. They put him off by himself for a time, and watched the rest of us; but nothing happened, and things drifted back into the old groove again. I don’t know how much they ever understood.”

For a time Old Scotch was silent, and Sir Donald watched him furtively, his young heart swelling with the martial pride of his race. But Lady Jane — bless her! — could not restrain a certain curiosity.

“ Is n’t Elizabeth here? ” she asked.

“ No,” replied Old Scotch, with an indulgent smile. “ Just at present she is very busy back at Valley Brook with five troublesome little fuzzy babies.”

Lady Jane subsided in evident embarrassment.

“ But don’t ever speak to her of this,” Old Scotch hastened to add, more seriously. “ Rob Roy was her twin brother, you know. She never left her bed during the fight, and it was well for her that she did not.

“ At the Mineola show last June a nosy Old Eng-

lish sheep dog started to question her ; but she turned away and made no reply."

Presently Old Scotch gave a little chuckle. "There's a notch in Roderick's ear and a bunch on his neck still," said he. "If those blind judges had noticed them, he would n't be sleeping under that 'Reserve' sign to-night."

Sir Donald rose and stood for a moment looking down the row of Valley Brook collies.

"Great Spratt!" cried the obstreperous Laird o' Dundee, leaning out from his bench. "Are n't you fellows asleep yet?"

But Sir Donald did not reply. He was silently studying the sleeping form of Roderick Dhu.

ISHMAEL

ISHMAEL

IT had rained all day, and the Long Island prairie lay dismal and water-soaked. Nearly all the yellow leaves had been washed or blown from the double row of wind-wracked maples; here and there a scrubby oak, tenacious of its red-brown leaves, stood solemn and dripping. Save for these and for an occasional empty wagon road and a few glacial dunes, the lonely heath stretched flat and unbroken from Hempstead to Westbury. The setting sun had rent a gap in the western clouds, and its golden beams were reflected from millions of raindrops on coarse prairie grass and weeds, and from the glistening roofs of a few farm buildings toward the south.

A flock of crows flew cawing overhead on the way to their North Shore home. In a tall sycamore near Potter's farmhouse a regiment of starlings held a noisy, whistling council. The vesper of the song sparrow was heard in the land, and somewhere to the east a screech owl had begun his broken, querulous call. These would have been evident to the casual observer; but among the weeds and grasses there also dwelt a populous community, hid-

den from mortal eyes, living their adventurous little lives in accordance with the laws of the wild.

As the sun slowly sank beneath its band of clouds a stealthy form crept out from beneath a tuft of grass beside a little swamp. It was a small creature, about the size of a gray squirrel, with a long, lithe body, dark brown, nearly black, with a spot of white on the chin. One might have taken it for a weasel, but for its larger body, thicker tail, and catlike head. It was Putorius, the mink.

He sat for a moment, his sharp eyes seeming to penetrate the rank ground vegetation, and then he vanished swiftly from sight, as though the earth had swallowed him, only to reappear as suddenly a few rods away.

By swift, baffling stages he made his way to the road, and then began to run rapidly toward the town, his body bending like a hoop, and his short legs propelling him easily at incredible speed. Occasionally he stopped, sniffed the air, and then hurried on.

He passed two or three farmhouses, stopping for only a whiff or two, and came at length to Thomas Lange's chicken house. Stealthily he crept around it, sniffing the wire netting. The warm smell intoxicated him, and his movements were hasty and excited.

Suddenly a new and terrible scent caused him to

stop and turn his head. There by the side of the barn stood the monstrous bulk of a huge black dog, watching him intently in the gathering dusk. For a moment they stood regarding each other, the dog boldly, the mink furtively, and then, as the former took a step forward, there was a slight scurry, and Putorius completely and instantaneously disappeared.

In the Atwaters' living room next morning a frightful row suddenly broke loose. Sandy, the brown Irish terrier, leaped upon the couch by the window, barking furiously.

"What in the world is the matter?" demanded Mr. Atwater, hastening into the room. He glanced out the window and saw a big black dog busy with a bone that Sandy or one of his acquaintances had abandoned on the front lawn.

"Be quiet, Sandy," commanded Atwater. "It's only Ishmael. Have n't you got used to him yet?"

"Poor Ishmael!" said Mrs. Atwater, stepping to the window. "I wish some one would adopt him. I suppose he is n't any particular kind of dog; but he's gentle and affectionate. I hate to chase him out of the yard all the time; but if I pat him or speak to him he wants to hang around, and we simply can't have him here. Besides, it makes Sandy furiously jealous."

They stood watching Ishmael. He was indeed no particular kind of dog. He had the long, black hair of a Newfoundland, while his noble head and a look about the face suggested a Great Dane. His big, thick tail, too, was a Dane's, except that it was somewhat hairy and was set on all wrong. Atwater had christened him Ishmael because he knew no master and every man's hand was against him.

Sandy started up his indignant and vociferous protest again, and because it was the peaceful Sabbath, Atwater was forced to go out and shoo Ishmael off.

When Robert Sammis came with the Sunday paper Atwater said, "Your friend Ishmael has been around here again."

"Has he?" asked Robert, with interest.

"Why don't you take him home and have him for your dog?" asked Atwater. "If he had a home and plenty to eat, he would n't roam about so, and he'd make a good dog for you."

"I wish I could," replied Robert wistfully; "but father won't let me. He says dogs kill chickens, and he does n't like them anyway. Besides, he says if he had any dog at all, it would n't be a stray mutt."

Meantime Ishmael, hungry both for food and for human love, made his way by a devious route back to the east of the town, where the garbage heaps

were more abundant. At Bemis's on Front Street he went in to pass the time of day with Bob, a big bull terrier who spent his life at the end of a chain and was reputed to be dangerous. Bob had a master of limited intelligence and sympathies, and Ishmael had none; so they enjoyed stolen moments of the companionship of misery. In return for an occasional bone or other morsel Ishmael was able to give Bob a bit of news of the great world.

When Ishmael again came out upon the street his attention was attracted by the yapping of a dirty fox terrier sitting beside his master on the seat of a wagon. Ishmael stood and wagged his tail, and barked deeply once or twice in reply. The little dog's master threw something at Ishmael, and then laughed at the big dog's hurt look as he hurried off, glancing apprehensively over his shoulder, with his tail drooping crookedly.

Dawson's collie threw him the usual insults from behind his fence, and a big old hound passed him in silence.

Ishmael sighed heavily as he stood at length before the Collingworth Kennels and watched the antics and listened to the bickerings of the puppies that were to become pampered and beribboned pets of fashion — dogs of the upper classes, whose lot was so easy and whose dinner tins were always so

full. Ishmael shook his head perplexedly and passed on.

Death, silent and mysterious, stalked o' nights through the poultry yards of Hempstead. On the morning of October 24 Thomas Lange found seven of his best pullets dead in their house and yard. He repaired his walls and fences and placed a trap before the door. The next morning it was Martin Sammis to whose Rhode Island Reds had come the terror by night. Within two weeks no less than ten poultry houses, great and small, had been visited, and chickens killed there or in the open.

At first it was thought to be the work of a skunk, but no skunk entered the waiting traps, nor did any leave behind him the telltale scent. Rats it might have been; but rats do not make a circuit of a village, visiting now this farm and now that. Besides, the form of death administered was unusual. Each fowl was neatly and effectively nipped in the throat and abandoned, apparently after the murderer had taken his draft of warm blood.

The Hempstead papers that second week published accounts of the mystery, and one ingenious contributor decided that the work must have been done by some fiendishly clever dog, which killed for the joy of killing.

Thereafter two or three men sat up with guns,

but to no avail. Those who shot at cats or dogs aimed widely in the dark, and death attacked the roosts of their neighbors. Then came the evening when Jack Walsh, returning late, hurled a futile missile at a strange, small animal that streaked across the road, and found four of his best Wyandottes garroted back of his house. That gave rise to the weasel theory which the papers exploited; but most of the farmers still suspected the mysterious and murderous dog.

“I believe it’s that black tramp dog,” said Martin Sammis. “If this thing don’t stop pretty soon, I’ll shoot him anyhow.”

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On a crisp November night Putorius the mink stole out from his grassy retreat on the brown Hempstead plains and made his swift, silent way toward the scattered farms to the northeast of the town. A frightened field mouse scurried for cover, but Putorius did not stop. Apparently he had a definite goal in mind. He did not turn in at Lange’s place, nor did he take notice of a black form that rose quietly from its comfortless bed by the fence and took up his trail.

Putorius was immediately lost to sight; but hunger stimulated in black Ishmael the latent hunting instinct inherited from some distant ancestor, and with his nose to the ground he padded steadily along.

Close to the fence in front of Henderson's orchard the trail took him, through the tall grass at the edge of Al Barkley's meadow — always where there was cover, always out of the bright moonlight. All was silent save the distant rumble of a train and the spasmodic baying of poor old Bob Bemis. The ancient village was wrapped in peace; but death awaited some luckless brood.

In front of the Sammis place Ishmael hesitated; then he caught the scent again and followed the trail along the fence toward the buildings back of the house. He moved quietly now — very quietly for such a clumsy brute. He stopped and lifted his big head. A slight scratching sound caught his ear; but he could see nothing, so he dropped his nose again to the ground, keeping his ears cocked the while.

Suddenly a great clamor arose among the chickens — squawks of terror and squeaks of death. Ishmael dashed forward and reached the chicken house just in time to see a sleek, catlike little head, with bright, beady eyes, thrust out from beneath the door of the scratching yard, and then hastily withdrawn. Ishmael stood watching the place, and then sniffed cautiously at it, the bristles rising at the back of his neck.

The house door was thrown open and a bar of yellow light shot across the yard. Martin Sammis,

aroused by the racket, appeared, half dressed, bearing a shotgun, and followed by Robert. In the bright moonlight big Ishmael was plainly visible by the chicken house, his nose to the ground.

“Holy Smoke!” cried Sammis. “It’s that black devil. I knew it.”

Bringing his gun quickly to his shoulder, he fired; but Ishmael was not there. His quick sense had caught a noise at the other end of the yard, and with incredible speed for so bulky a creature he dashed round the corner just in time to catch sight of a swift, lithe body disappearing in the weeds. There was a deep, growling roar from Ishmael’s throat, a tremendous rush, a smothered cry among the burdocks, and then silence.

Martin Sammis came up on a run, and would have fired his other barrel at the first movement his eye caught; but Robert was ahead of him.

“Don’t shoot, Dad!” he cried. “There’s something else.” What, he did not know; but his sharp eyes had seen something beside Ishmael, and that something was not a hen.

As the man and boy approached, Ishmael lifted his head and stood his ground. Something had been awakened in his shaggy breast that, for the moment at least, drove all fear from him.

“You thieving, useless cur, I’ve got you now!”

roared the man, eager for the final shot; but still Robert blocked his way.

“No, Dad, no!” he cried. “See here! It is n’t a hen at all. It’s a — oh, Dad, what is it?” He stood wondering above the body of the strange little animal, his hand resting unconsciously on Ishmael’s shoulder.

Wondering why Ishmael neither ran nor showed fight, Martin Sammis joined his son and looked. Ishmael was wondering too — wondering what he had done to provoke this latest torrent of wrath, wondering why the blow did not fall, wondering, with all the power of his pathetic dog’s eyes, why the little man kept his hand so comforting upon him.

Martin Sammis lifted up the dead mink by its tail. “Well, I’ll be darned!” said he. “I never saw one of these things before. I don’t know what it is; but I guess it’s *it* all right.”

“Dad!” said Robert meekly.

His father was contemplating the remains of Putorius in silence.

“You see Ishmael did n’t kill the chickens.”

“Ishmael? What’s Ishmael?”

“This is Ishmael,” said Robert, a sort of fatherly pride crowding up into his throat. “May n’t I keep him — now — Dad?”

Martin Sammis glanced at the pair. Ishmael was

sitting on his haunches, contemplating the face of Robert with that worshipful look that only dog lovers can know or believe in.

“Well,” said he, “tie him out here by the chicken house. He may keep other dogs away.” And he turned back to the house with his mysterious little carcass, thinking of the tall story he would have for his neighbors, and not noticing the boyish arms that were thrown impulsively about the great dog’s neck, nor the curly head buried in the shaggy coat, sobbing silently.



THE STRIKE AT TIVERTON MANOR



THE STRIKE AT TIVERTON MANOR

NORMALLY, when left to his own devices, the dog tends to revert to savagery and to become a selfish, treacherous, skulking, revengeful, murderous brute. Under fair conditions he is, as every one knows, the noblest of all God's dumb creatures, often shaming man himself by his devotion and courage.

It is human companionship that makes the difference. It is intimate human companionship — with the touch of kindness and the human voice — that calls forth the cardinal canine virtues. It was the poacher's personal friendship that developed the quick wits of the terrier; the fidelity of the collie grew out of days and nights of solitude shared with the shepherd. Hounds which hunt in packs and dogs living in large kennels are not so likely to be individually interesting or trustworthy.

It was constant association with John Dayton that made Prince Otto what he was. He had many remarkable attributes, as you shall see, but what he might have become without Professor Müller and John Dayton can only be surmised. It is only a

question of motive, sometimes, which separates the hero from the fiend.

Prince Otto's parents were of noble German blood and had been brought to America in 1910, when the German shepherd breed first began to gain widespread popularity in this country. The Prince himself was born late in the same year at Müller's Kennels in Connecticut, a fat, fuzzy puppy, full of life and mischief.

Müller's were not ordinary kennels. His advertisement read: "Training school for police dogs. German and Belgian sheep dogs. Dogs trained for police, military, and life-saving service, and as watchdogs for private estates." And Professor Müller was no ordinary breeder, or schoolmaster either. He had gained his experience — and perhaps his title — in the outskirts of Berlin, and with two German assistants and one or two American helpers he founded an establishment which, with the help of judicious advertising at the bench shows and elsewhere, rapidly gained a unique and enviable reputation. Visitors came from far and near to see Müller's star performers climb ladders, leap through windows, execute high dives into an artificial lake, and attack a much padded attendant who impersonated an escaping criminal. And because there were people who knew enough to admire the wonderful agility and intelligence of Müller's dogs,

the Professor found a ready sale for his youngsters and prospered.

Müller owed much of his success to hard-won experience, for there are things to be learned about dogs which only long association with them can make clear. But the Professor possessed more than experience; he was gifted by nature with that sympathy and understanding which begets confidence and obedience and a ready response in the canine race. He loved his dogs, and on more than one occasion customers observed moisture in his blue Saxon eyes when he parted with the children of his upbringing.

From the first Prince Otto had been one of the quickest to learn and the best loved of all Müller's puppies. The master early recognized in him a lurking strain of fearless, wolfish savagery and cunning, but this only called forth the greater care in his training, for it is such traits that go to the making of the most efficient police dogs. Every day the Professor made a special point of spending an hour or two with his puppies, playing with them, talking to them, teaching them the rudiments of obedience, familiarizing them with human comradeship and with the meaning of human words.

Prince Otto was lively; he was fractious. But the Professor was wise and patient, and as the puppy grew in stature and in strength he came to rely im-

plicity on the word of this being who was his master, without losing a jot of his splendid spirit.

One day in April, 1913, when Prince Otto was in his third year, a distinguished personage visited the Müller Kennels. G. Howard Tiverton, Esq., had bought a tract of land and two or three homesteads on the north shore of Long Island and had converted them into a great estate. On a bluff commanding a superb view of the Sound and the Connecticut shore beyond he had erected a colonial dwelling of red brick with a white-pillared façade on the water side and had named it, with the millionaire's usual modesty, Tiverton Manor. Lawns and terraces stretched down to the water front, where both houses and a private boat landing were hidden behind the willows, and four or five acres about the house were transformed by a landscape gardener into a magnificent park, with gardens, a little lake, and great masses of flowering shrubs among the trees, all inclosed in a nine-foot iron fence running down to the water on each side and broken by three or four imposing gateways of wrought iron. Then Mr. Tiverton had moved into the manor house and had set his gangs of Italian workmen the task of converting the rest of the estate into a great wooded park, with roadways and waterways and bridle paths traversing it in every direction.

Public police protection being somewhat inadequate in the immediate vicinity, Mr. Tiverton had organized a little band of private watchmen, and he now proposed to add to this force one of Professor Müller's famous dogs. In his younger days Mr. Tiverton had been something of an amateur dog fancier — had owned, in fact, a valuable kennel of bird dogs in North Carolina — and he was not insensible to the points and accomplishments of Professor Müller's splendid Germans. It was quite evident to him that they differed materially in character from the affectionate pointers and setters he had known and loved, and he was a bit puzzled by their alert aggressiveness. But softness was not what he was looking for now, and as soon as he laid eyes on Prince Otto he marked him for his own.

"Dot dog," said the Professor, swelling with pride, "he is der finest of dem all yet. I haf raised him mit my own hands and I know. If I had vished to show him he could have beaten dem all. Look at dose eyes, dose shoulders, Mr. Tiverton!"

Prince Otto was indeed a superb specimen of his breed. He was large and powerful, with the springy muscles and tense sinews of a trained athlete. His coat was harsh and a bit grizzled and his erect, forward-pointing ears and sharp nose gave his head a formidable, wolfish expression. But one could not long avoid a contemplation of his eyes.

Almost human they were in their keen intelligence — large, clear, fearless eyes, with none of the mournful pathos of the St. Bernard's and none of the trivial smartness of the fox terrier's.

An exclamation of sincere admiration escaped Mr. Tiverton's lips — the admiration of the connoisseur. He laid his hand on Prince Otto's head, and the Prince, with a glance at the Professor, submitted to the homage with dignity but without the slightest sign of either annoyance or pleasure, for that was his way with men whom he did not know.

And so Professor Müller sold Prince Otto to the millionaire, for he got his top price and that was his business. But when the purchase was concluded and Mr. Tiverton had driven off in his car, the stolid German took Prince Otto out of sight behind the kennels and fell upon his neck and whispered things into his ear that made the big dog lick his hand and whimper softly.

Hans Bruno, one of Müller's assistants, personally conducted Prince Otto across the Sound on a ferry-boat and thence by motor to Tiverton Manor. The Prince was perplexed and unhappy, and though not frightened was nervous and uneasy. His conductor had his hands full, and people on the ferry-boat kept at a respectful distance. One good lady was heard to remark that there ought to be a law prohibiting people from bringing such awful brutes

into public places. But the journey was made without mishap and Prince Otto was formally introduced at Tiverton Manor.

It was fortunate for all concerned that John Dayton was a born lover of dogs. No high-born collie or cur of low degree ever approached the high iron fence within John's range of vision that he did not smile at and speak to. Consequently when John was summoned to meet the newcomer, he approached Prince Otto with the broadest of grins. Ignoring Hans Bruno completely he addressed Prince Otto volubly and without reserve.

"So you're the pup, are you?" he bawled. "Pup, is it? You're a horse. We'll hitch you to a wagon and make you haul gravel, that's what we'll do with you. You great, big beauty! Give us your paw."

John bent down close to Otto's terrible jaws and held out his hand. Hans Bruno was a bit anxious as to how the Prince would accept such familiarity from a total stranger, but the dog merely regarded John watchfully and did nothing.

Prince Otto had been taught many things, but parlor tricks were not among his accomplishments. He did not understand John Dayton's outstretched hand, but he did understand the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice. Dogs are remarkably quick to recognize fear or dislike in men, and their op-

posites. When John straightened up and laid his hand kindly on the dog's head, Otto lifted his face and gently returned the pressure, which, if John had but known it, was a tremendous concession. The result was that when they turned toward the stables, Prince Otto, who had long known Hans without greatly loving him, followed John.

Hans remained at Tiverton Manor for a few days, instructing John Dayton, who was the night watchman and was to have charge of Prince Otto. The dog, his devotion to John growing daily, took to his new duties readily enough. For the most part he had only to accompany the watchman on his tours of inspection, to come to heel when called, and to investigate dark corners and suspicious noises.

Then, a week or two later, Professor Müller came with one of his helpers to visit Prince Otto. The dog leaped upon him with joyful recognition and then dashed back to John as though seeking to introduce his two friends. It was not necessary; German and Long Islander met in the free masonry of dog lovers.

After nightfall the Professor's helper donned his mask and thick pads and hid in the orchard. As John and Otto approached on their rounds the dog became aware of the presence of an outsider. He dropped into a crouching gait, with his nose lowered and the hair rising in a brush on his neck.

Suddenly he shot forward with a rumbling snarl. Then a dull thud sounded as the pretended burglar, caught on the low limb of an apple tree, was dragged to earth. There sounded the short, sharp bark of alarm and then silence.

When John Dayton arrived at the spot Prince Otto was quietly standing guard over the man's prostrate form, merely growling a little in warning whenever he observed a slight movement. Suddenly the man leaped to his feet, and instantly Otto had him by the padded arm. There was a swift wrench and struggle and down they went again, the dog on top.

Presently Professor Müller came up, his face wreathed in smiles.

"See?" he exploded. "He vill do. No doubt. He vill do. He knows his business. Yes?"

"I reckon he does, Professor," laughed John, as he led the reluctant and muttering dog away.

Next day, when Professor Müller left, he again fell upon Otto with terms of endearment, which the dog returned in his own way, but when the moment of departure came he trotted back to John; he was content.

One other friend Prince Otto had. There was at the house a jolly, round-faced Polish girl named Mary, her other name being an unused and unpronounceable superfluity. One evening, while the

Prince was enjoying a little freedom before the duties of the night began, he cut his foot on a bit of glass and came limping across the lawn, stopping now and then to lick the bleeding paw. Warm-hearted Mary saw him, and, forgetful of the servants' tales of the beast's ferocity, she hurried out to him.

"Poor dog," she crooned, "what matter wid foot?"

Prince Otto paused and surveyed her impersonally as she approached. She fell upon her knees and he suffered her to lift his foot and wipe it with her handkerchief.

"Oh, poor dog!" said she, looking compassionately into his eyes.

She took him by the collar and led him to John, who washed the cut with peroxide and bandaged the foot with adhesive tape.

"All right now," said Mary, patting him. Otto touched her hand with his moist nose, and they were friends.

Mr. Tiverton made several attempts to reach the dog's heart, but succeeded only in establishing a sort of distant friendliness. For the rest, the dog learned who rightfully belonged on the place and treated them with aloof indifference.

Prince Otto's first real adventure took place in October. It was about two o'clock in the morning

and John and the dog were completing their third tour of inspection.

“It’s a dark night, Otto,” said John. He was accustomed to make his vigils less lonely by talking to the Prince, which is what a man should do if he desires to make a comrade of a dog. “It’s a dark night, and I should n’t be s’prised if it rained before day.”

Otto drew close so that he brushed the watchman’s leg as they covered the familiar ground.

Suddenly John felt the dog’s form stiffen and heard him sniff the air. Then Otto crept stealthily forward toward the rear of the garage. John felt for his revolver, clutched his stick, and followed. There was a rush, a cry of fear, and when John came up and snapped on his flashlight, he found a terrified man sitting on the ground, with Otto holding him by the elbow. The dog had not closed his teeth on the arm; he merely held the sleeve. But it was enough, and the man quite willingly allowed John to lock him up.

In the morning the culprit was haled before Mr. Tiverton. He proved to be a Pole who lived in the village not far away, and though he was unable, in his broken English, to give a satisfactory account of himself, he appeared to have done no damage, and he was so thoroughly frightened that Mr. Tiverton decided he had been sufficiently warned and punished

and allowed him to go free. Prince Otto had won his spurs.

One or two other such encounters thoroughly established Otto as a trusted member of the private police force of Tiverton Manor, and by the following spring the master of the estate would not have accepted a thousand dollars for him.

In April several changes were made in the organization at the Manor and Mr. Tiverton sent for John Dayton.

"John," said he, "I'm making some changes here, and I think I can let you go on days now if you like."

John fidgeted with his cap.

"Thank you, sir," said he, "but I think I'd rather stay on nights, if you don't mind, sir."

"Why," said Mr. Tiverton, in surprise, "I thought you were anxious to get the daylight job. It's pleasanter, of course."

"I know, sir," replied the watchman. "I did want to go on days, and the wife wanted it, too. It's very kind of you, sir, but I think I'd rather stay on nights, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"What's made you change your mind, John?"

The watchman stammered a little and grew red under his coat of tan.

"It's the Prince, sir," said he. "You see a new

man might n't be able to manage him. Not every one can, sir."

Mr. Tiverton stood thinking for a moment, and then a twinkle came into his eyes.

"But I've engaged a man who has had experience with dogs," said he.

"The Prince is n't like other dogs," said John hurriedly. "It might n't work, sir."

"What you mean," said Mr. Tiverton, with a smile, "is that you would n't know what to do without Otto. Is n't that it? Now be honest, John."

The watchman grew still redder and mumbled something confusedly under his breath. Mr. Tiverton laid his hand kindly on the man's shoulder.

"What if I should put you both on days?" he asked. "You and the Prince?"

John Dayton looked up with quick gratitude and then looked down again.

"But the dog is most needed at night, sir," said he.

"Well," replied Mr. Tiverton, "there are more where he came from."

And so the matter was decided. Mike Donohue, a strapping young policeman from Brooklyn, who had had one eye injured in service, was engaged as night watchman. He had been on the dog squad in Flatbush and appeared to be an ideal man for the place. Then Hans Bruno appeared with Fritz, an-

other of Professor Müller's powerful young German shepherd dogs.

There was trouble at the outset, and it became quite evident that neither Otto nor Fritz could be let loose so long as the other was on the place. The Prince growled and snarled and barked and whined, tugged at his chain, and begged John Dayton to let him get at this intruder. No one else dared to go near him. He was fairly beside himself with rage. The newcomer was hardly less anxious to have it out, but the two dogs were too valuable to risk in an encounter and Mr. Tiverton was appealed to. The result was that Hans Bruno was sent back to Connecticut with the unsatisfied Fritz, and Prince Otto was left in undisputed possession of Tiverton Manor.

The following week Hans reappeared with Gretchen, a female, somewhat smaller than Otto or Fritz, but swift and sagacious, and she was introduced to Donohue who at once proceeded to make friends with her.

John Dayton was anxious, but both Hans and Donohue assured him that no dog of breeding would attack a female of his species unprovoked, and such proved to be the case. John led Otto to the stables where Gretchen was temporarily housed. Both dogs bristled a little and appeared to be on their guard, but there was no snarling, no rush to the attack.

Otto was allowed to walk slowly up to the newcomer. He sniffed at her doubtfully, then with interest, Gretchen drawing back a bit nervously. Then Prince Otto turned away, dissatisfied but peaceable, and Donohue and Gretchen were installed as joint guardians of the night.

One more incident remains to be recorded before the tragedy which upset the summer peace of Tiverton Manor. Mary, the Polish girl, while returning to the Manor through the woods one day, was accosted by Tony Rampetto, one of the Italian laborers about the place. Tony had forced his attention upon Mary before, but she had hitherto been able to repulse him good-naturedly. Now he had her at a disadvantage. The spot where he met her was secluded; no one was about.

The Italian, with flashing eyes, barred the girl's path and demanded that she hear him.

"I love you!" he cried. "You shall marry me! You shall not get away this time. I have you."

Mary drew back, genuinely frightened, the accustomed smile fading from her lips and the color from her cheeks. Tony approached her menacingly. Suddenly she started as if to run, but Tony grasped her wrist. He drew her toward him roughly and got his arm about her waist. She struggled valiantly, for she was young and strong, but she was no

match for the passionate Italian. He drew her tighter until his dark eyes and gleaming teeth were close to her face.

Mary drew back her head with an effort and screamed. Tony clapped a dirty hand over her mouth, but it was too late. A crashing sound was heard, as of some one dashing through the woods. Tony looked quickly over his shoulder and then dropped Mary to the ground just in time to throw up his arm and guard his throat against the sharp fangs and mighty jaws of Prince Otto.

The dog knew whose cry had pierced the air; he remembered his friend. He lost no time in indecision but hurled his huge bulk straight at the Italian, snarling angrily. Across Mary's prostrate form Tony fell with a crash, but he rose to his knees in an instant. Otto, his teeth missing their mark, was carried several paces beyond by his own impetus, and before he could turn Tony had drawn a long, wicked-looking knife.

But Otto had little knowledge of knives and no fear of them. Again he rushed, and so quickly that Tony had no time to strike. He was crushed back, with one arm raised to guard his face and throat, and the other flung out beside him, his hand still clutching the knife.

Mary, her courage restored by the unexpected appearance of an ally, had struggled to her feet, and

now, catching sight of the gleaming blade, ground it into the soft earth with her heel.

Otto, had he not been trained to restrain in the use of his teeth, might have killed the Italian now. As it was, Tony was fighting desperately for his life, his eyes wild with terror and his breath coming in painful gasps.

John Dayton, wondering why Otto had not answered to his whistle, and hearing the sounds of conflict, came hurrying up. Seizing Otto by the collar he commanded the dog to draw back, and the noble animal obeyed. Tony, leaping to his feet, did not wait for further developments but took to his heels through the woods and did not attempt to return next day to his work.

“I should n't have let him get away,” commented John, “but I think he will trouble you no more.”

He loosed his hold on Otto's collar and the dog, though evidently eager to give chase, restrained himself. John took the now hysterical Mary by the arm and helped her back to the house, while Otto, walking by her side, lifted his head and gazed with troubled eyes into her face.

Whether Tony Rampetto was at the bottom of the trouble which broke out in July is not known. There was no good cause for it. Mr. Tiverton paid his men regularly, and though he demanded hard, steady work from them he was not an unreasonable

taskmaster. Some disturbing influence got to work among them and on July 14th they went on a strike.

It was not an ordinary strike, for the men had no union organization or any control of affairs. They were bound to lose in the end, and perhaps it was their early realization of this fact that made them particularly violent and vindictive.

There were about forty, all told, who left their work and placed Tiverton Manor in a state of siege. Not only the Italian laborers, but several of the stablemen and others joined in the strike. Donohue would not listen to them, for he was a recent comer and most of his experience had been in opposition to mobs. John Dayton was cajoled and threatened by turns, and something in his nature inclined him to sympathize with the men. But his wife said to him, very coolly and crisply, "Don't be a fool, John," and he thought the matter over. He thought of Mr. Tiverton's just and generally kindly treatment of him, he thought of Prince Otto, and he cast his lot with the master.

At first Mr. Tiverton was disposed to make light of the matter and took steps to fill the vacant places promptly, but the men who came to take the jobs of the strikers were roughly handled and driven off. Grocers and butchers were not allowed to come to the house and no one was permitted to leave.

The second night of the affair the boat landing

was wrecked and the motor boat put out of commission. Then when Mr. Tiverton, thoroughly angry, undertook to telephone to the county seat for assistance, he found that his wires had been cut. So he locked the great gates of the estate and armed such of his men as had remained loyal, and grimly waited.

On the 18th a boat appeared offshore and hailed the Manor. Mr. Tiverton was summoned.

“What’s the trouble?” asked the man in the boat.

Briefly Mr. Tiverton explained. One of the strikers appeared at the water front, just outside the fence, with a shotgun, and the boat made off. But the news of the situation was bound to get abroad, and the strikers knew it. Already the intercepted tradesmen had reported the unusual state of affairs. The sheriff would soon be notified and relief brought up, and the men became doubly savage as they came to realize the utter folly of their action.

On the morning of the 19th a mob of some thirty cursing, gesticulating men appeared at the main gateway of Tiverton Manor, armed with various weapons. They were a silly, shouting, motley crowd, but dangerous for that very reason.

Johnson, the colored lad who sometimes acted as chauffeur and who had had charge of the boats, was on guard. Unable to understand the broken Eng-

lish of the Italians, and frightened by their threatening attitude, he retired to give the alarm.

One of the men, who had had some experience in blasting, blew out the big lock with a stick of dynamite, and when John Dayton and Prince Otto appeared a few minutes later the men were just rushing forward and were throwing wide the great iron gates.

John drew his revolver and held his ground in the roadway. Beside him stood the great, handsome young dog, his majestic head held high, his clear eyes gleaming, every muscle tense and quivering. John knew he was no match for this fiery, reckless mob, but he felt it his duty to do what he could. Some of the maids had reported that they had seen from an upper window several automobiles speeding along the road from town some miles away, and it was quite likely that help was coming.

At the sight of this determined man and his formidable comrade the mob, cowards at heart, paused. John, fearing more for Otto than for himself, ordered the dog to heel, and Otto crouched reluctant and muttering by his side. It was plainly John Dayton's task to spar for time, and he opened parley.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

A tall fellow, with his shirt open at his great, hairy breast, stepped forward with lowering brows.



Beside him stood the great, handsome young dog, his majestic head held high, his clear eyes gleaming, every muscle tense and quivering

He was armed with a revolver and appeared to be a sort of leader.

“We want that Tiverton,” he said with an oath.

“What for?” asked John.

“None of your business,” responded the man.

“You’ll know soon enough. All you’ve got to do is to tell us where he is and shut up.”

“You can’t see him,” said John.

“Can’t, hey?” retorted the man with a sneer, and the crowd edged closer. Otto’s hair was standing up straight along his back and he was growling ominously.

“First, drop that gun,” commanded the man.

John, though he knew it would hardly serve the cause if he put himself in the way of being shot, resolved to stand his ground a little longer. He stood still and did not reply.

The tall man took a step or two forward, scowling angrily, and the others crowded close beside and behind him.

“Drop it!” ordered the leader, raising his own weapon. There were sounds of hurrying footsteps up by the house and the resounding bark of Gretchen. The men were becoming impatient. John’s eyes were fixed upon his chief antagonist, but his ears were strained for the sound of approaching motors. There was another forward movement of the mob. John’s attention was so closely engaged that he did

not observe Prince Otto rise slowly and menacingly beside him.

John stood in silence and still the tall man forbore to use his weapon. But there was a sudden swirl in the mob and Tony Rampetto broke out in front, cursing shrilly in Italian. His eyes were fixed upon Prince Otto, and his face was distorted with anger and hatred. He raised a big pistol he carried and fired point-blank at the Prince.

The action was like setting a spark to a powder train. With a yell the strikers started forward as though to brush the feeble defense from the path.

John Dayton raised his arm and fired twice over the heads of the mob. At the first shot they wavered; at the second they halted. Then there was a second report from the gateway and a bullet sang by John Dayton's ear.

"At them, Otto!" he cried, forgetting his resolve to remain coolly on the defense.

The dog needed no second bidding. Instantly his great, powerful body shot across the intervening space as if propelled by giant springs, his fearsome fangs bared and the snarl of battle in his throat. The mob fell back before his fierce onslaught, the more cowardly fighting to escape. The brawny leader went down at the first rush, his cheek torn open by Otto's fangs. Tony Rampetto drew his deadly knife, but Otto seized him by the shoulder

and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Again and again the fearless dog charged. They dared not fire in the confusion and they were powerless against this unleashed fury.

Tony and the leader rose and ran for the gate, and the others followed pell-mell, Otto leaping madly on their backs and biting their legs.

John Dayton suddenly found himself supported by the rest of the little garrison. Mr. Tiverton came up, shouting orders. Mike Donohue appeared, half dressed, with Gretchen tugging wildly at her chain and crying to be loosed. They rushed to the gateway and the retreat of the strikers became a rout.

Then came the welcome sound of motors chugging up the hill. Mr. Tiverton met the first one, containing the sheriff and part of his posse. The automobiles went off in hot pursuit of the fugitives and the dust of battle cleared from the gateway of Tiverton Manor.

But among the weeds and grass of the roadside John Dayton was bending over a silent form. Tony Rampetto's shot had gone home; his revenge was complete. Prince Otto had fought his last great fight with a bullet in his lung.

Tenderly they lifted him, Mr. Tiverton and Donohue and John, and carried him up to the house. They laid him on soft cushions on the white-pillared

porch and brought water to moisten his poor, fevered tongue.

Social distinctions were all forgotten on that porch. Mrs. Tiverton and her daughter, who had remained in their rooms, pale and frightened, during the shooting, came out to hear the story. Nora the cook was there, and Charles the butler, and the maids. Donohue stood apart with the perplexed Gretchen and bit his lips. Johnson, the colored boy, frankly wept in a wicker chair. Mary burst forth and flung herself beside the dying dog with wild lamentations, and Miss Tiverton took the girl's head on her silken lap and comforted her. Mr. Tiverton was on his knees with his arm about the shaking shoulders of John Dayton, who hid his face in his hands and said no word.

Slowly the brave dog's eyes opened for the last time and looked about him. All were hushed; it was like a benediction. He lifted his head slightly with a pitiful little effort, and then fell weakly back and breathed no more.

Peace broods over Tiverton Manor. The breeze sighs softly in the great maples and horse chestnuts that shade its stately porch. At the foot of the green, velvety terraces the waters of the Sound lap musically at the gravelly beach.

At night Mike Donohue and Gretchen make their

hourly rounds in silent companionship, and on each tour they stop beside the great entrance gate where a little mound is just visible in the shadow of the rhododendrons and a white stone gleams in the moonlight.

HERE LIES PRINCE OTTO
A GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG
ÆT. 3 YEARS, 8 MONTHS.
A NOBLE GENTLEMAN.
A BRAVE WARRIOR.
A FAITHFUL COMRADE.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that
a man lay down his life for his friends.”



SPIDER OF THE NEWSIES

SPIDER OF THE NEWSIES

A TRUE STORY

NINE newsboys of Reading, Pa., were disporting themselves in a primitive and untrammelled fashion at their favorite swimming place, the middle pier of the Wilmington Northern Railroad bridge. Mike Devine, leader of the gang through muscular rather than intellectual superiority, was making one final attempt to sound in the deepest hole. Skinny Pattee and Ike Levinsky had already emerged and were laboriously untying the knots in their clothes, with much chattering of the teeth.

Presently the whistle of an approaching locomotive was heard and soon a passenger train went thundering overhead, showering dust and cinders upon the bathers. Its passing was the signal for a general exodus; in half an hour they should be in line for their afternoon papers.

The water had been cool and exhilarating and the boys were in high spirits, laughing and bandying words, as they clambered to the foot-path between the tracks on the bridge and started toward town.

Some fifty yards behind them there squatted on

the bridge a small dog, thin, hairy, and unbelievably homely. Not even the sharp eyes of the newsies had been attracted by this insignificant atom on the right of way. Possibly the sounds of evident good humor encouraged the pup to make a closer investigation, for he arose presently and came trotting along behind the group of boys.

When you walk on a railroad bridge you instinctively look behind you every now and then, even though you are not on the track and know that no train is scheduled. Skinny Pattee brought up the rear of the newsies, and this instinct (it could not have been the soft, unobtrusive pattering behind him) caused him to glance over his shoulder. He stopped short and faced abruptly about.

“By cripes, fellers,” he cried, “here’s Jo-jo’s little brother!”

Jo-jo was a hobo acquaintance of the newsies who was famous for a rank, tangled, and unusually widespread growth of whiskers. The allusion evidently struck Skinny’s companions as apt, for they turned in a grinning knot to observe this small phenomenon of hirsute homeliness.

The pup stopped and drew his hind quarters under him in a sitting posture, eyeing the group speculatively.

A learned person, some weeks later, stated with a great show of authority that he was a “Spitz

poodle." As a matter of fact his classification was no such simple matter. He was about the size of a small fox terrier, only somewhat large-headed and emaciated at this particular stage in his career. His face distantly resembled that of a Pekingese spaniel, but with an Irish touch of humor quite lacking in the typical Peke. His coat was long, wiry, and shaggy, and had obviously never known the ministrations of comb and brush. His color scheme was an indeterminate brownish gray, exhibiting marked variations in shade and hue. In point of fact he was a vagabond pup with a pedigree that would have defied disentanglement and would in no way have justified the effort.

Now these newsies possessed a sense of humor of a type especially susceptible to comicalities in the appearance of a small, bearded dog. The pup braced his ridiculous forelegs and cocked his head, and Skinny Pattee doubled over in a spasm of laughter. One by one his companions caught the infection and their hilarity became full-lunged and unrestrained.

The pup liked that kind of noise very much; and he could make a noise, too. Suddenly his hind quarters bobbed up into the air and he gave vent to a volley of thin, sharp, staccato barks. Bully fun, this!

Big Mike Devine elbowed his way through the

crowd and approached the pup. The little vagabond had learned to dread human approach, but he was thrown off his guard by the merriment. Mike grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and held him at arm's length; his expression of surprise was very funny. Then Mike turned him over and held him by the tail. That was funny, too — that is, pretty funny. As Mike varied the exhibition with as much inventiveness as his dull wits were capable of, the merriment all went out of the little pup's breast, and he became frightened and woe-begone again. Once or twice Mike hurt him and a yelp escaped him. He wished this game were over; he did n't like it at all. Some of the boys were getting a bit tired of it, too, and the laughter had diminished perceptibly.

Then Mike received an inspiration. He stooped and held the pup over the edge of the bridge. The river ran sluggishly fifty feet below.

“Lookee, fellers,” cried Mike, “I'm goin' to drop him over an' see if he'll swim. Where do you s'pose he'll come up?”

A slight form shot out from the now silent group and Skinny Pattee seized Mike by the shoulder.

“Quit it!” cried Skinny, his face pale and his voice shaking a bit, for he knew he was bearding the lion. “He's my dog; I saw him first.”

Mike looked around at him with a slow sneer and profanely contradicted. “He's my dog 'cause

I've got him," said Mike, "and I'm goin' to drop him — see?"

"If the dog goes, you go!" cried Skinny.

Mike laughed scornfully. He weighed forty pounds more than Skinny. "Who's goin' to do all this, kiddo?" he asked.

"The gang," replied Skinny.

It was Skinny's only trump and he played it. He knew he was no match for Mike himself, and he knew Mike to be capable of any sort of cruelty to the pup just to spite him. Moreover he had no assurance whatever that the gang would back him. It was a long chance, but he took it.

Mike looked around at the rest, still holding the pup over the water. An inscrutable silence held them. Mike arose and took a threatening step toward Skinny, but Skinny held his ground.

"Gimme that dog!" he demanded.

Mike's reply was a glowering oath and another step forward. He thrust the pup roughly under his left arm, and there was another little yelp of pain.

Swiftly Skinny sprang at him and landed a blow squarely on the big fellow's nose. Mike saw stars for a moment, and then lunged savagely at his slight antagonist.

But the spell was broken. The gang spirit that loves a hero drew the newsies quickly to Skinny's side, and Mike found himself gazing into seven

threatening and resolute faces beside Skinny's. Mike clumsily but promptly shifted his ground.

"What do you know about the kid's nerve — claimin' it's his dog! If it was n't for fear of knockin' you off the bridge I'd punch your head in."

"Well, it ain't your dog, anyhow," protested Skinny, relieved but unwilling to retire.

"Whose is it then?" demanded Mike with a show of truculence.

"It's — it's the gang's dog," said Skinny.

"I thought you'd back down," laughed Mike unpleasantly.

At the end of the bridge Mike roughly dumped the pup upon the ground, and he stood there shrinkingly, looking from face to face. Skinny itched to take him, but the unwritten constitution demanded a compromise, and Charlie Burke took the pup.

They carried him to the center of the city where it was high time they were selling their afternoon papers. It occurred to some one that the pup might be hungry; as a matter of fact his figure was suggestive of extreme famine. Mugsy Waters was just starting uptown with his bundle of papers and a basket of big, fresh pretzels, for Mugsy had built up a two-fold trade. He came over and viewed the pup appraisingly and then held out one of the pretzels. The pup fell upon it ravenously. Skinny and

Charlie each bought one of the pretzels and the little dog devoured the last crumb. Then he trotted contentedly away at Skinny's heels.

He would have been glad to be Skinny's dog, and Skinny openly desired him, but the honor of gang law forbade this, after the settlement of the Devine-Pattee affair. He became the gang's dog, and they named him Spider.

In about a month Spider showed a marked change in contour. He could never be handsome or graceful, but a certain obvious embonpoint indicated that he was living well. He developed no marked qualities of courage or intelligence; his one great virtue was a never-failing adherence to his newsboy friends and a sublime faith in their goodness.

No one tried to steal Spider from the newsies. In fact, among the majority of the citizens of Reading he was not popular. He did not look like a nice dog; he was undeniably not a clean dog. Very likely there were germs in his tangled hair, and the children of gentle folk were instructed not to approach him. But Spider did not mind; he had friends enough. And what are a few germs, more or less, to a newsy?

Where Spider made his home no man knew, but there were indications among the newsies of a friendly rivalry for the favor of his nightly companionship. During the afternoons he was nearly

always to be seen somewhere in the vicinity of Penn and Sixth Streets, the newsboys' favorite stand. When the cold days of winter came on he discovered a genial warmth in the plate of the steam heating company, on which he would sit, half dozing, so long as one of his accredited friends was within his limited vision.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad runs along Seventh Street, through the heart of the city. One day a train slowed up at the Franklin Street crossing and a passenger called from his window for a paper. The alert Skinny was on his job, and ran up just as the train was starting on again. He passed up the paper and ran alongside with his hand held up for the coin. His foot slipped on a tie and he fell under the car, and the wheels of the heavy train passed over his mangled body.

Skinny's was not a valuable life, and the indignation of the city was not aroused, but there was mourning among the newsies, and there was a faithful little gray-brown mongrel who went sniffing woe-fully about among the boys at the news offices for the scent of the friend who came no more.

With the advent of spring other tramp dogs began to appear in the streets of Reading, and certain estimable citizens raised a protest. A license law was passed and a dog catcher was engaged. Spider's friends could easily have raised the license

fee among them, but they rebelled against this form of aristocratic tyranny. They refused to submit to what they considered unjust taxation. They resorted, rather, to strategy to evade the law and outwit its hated representative. A system of alarm signals was invented and whenever the blue wagon of the dog catcher appeared Spider was whisked away to one of several mysterious retreats. Once or twice the big policeman at the corner gave a friendly, surreptitious warning, and Spider never saw the inside of the blue wagon. It was all a strange but enjoyable game to him; he had never received such marked attention. He little guessed the dark shadow that overhung his young life.

But one day the dog catcher, exasperated by the taunts and gibes of his youthful enemies, came slinking down Fifth Street on foot, with a rope in his hand. He spied his quarry at his accustomed corner and approached stealthily with a show of indifference until he reached Sixth Street. Then Ike Levinsky saw him and, dropping his papers in the street, made a desperate dash for Spider. The startled pup, not comprehending this sudden movement, leaped back from Ike's outstretched hands. Then the angry dog catcher came rushing down upon him and Spider took to his heels in terror. Up Main Street he sped, his eyes big with fright and his tail tucked in. Behind him he heard the shouts of his baffled friends

and the thunderous pounding of his enemy's feet. Mad with panic he dashed straight in front of a locomotive. There was a roar, a red flash before his eyes, an instant's agony, and all was over for the little ragged dog of the newsies.

Skinny's friends raised money for a stone to mark his orphan grave, but the heartless authorities robbed them of the torn remains of Spider. He was carted ignominiously away and, as in the case of Moses, no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.

It may be that his humble spirit and Skinny's are together in some happier city where there are no dog catchers nor any murderous grade crossings. I do not pretend to know. I only know that Spider had won the only thing a dog lives for — the love of human kind.

THE BLOOD OF HIS FATHERS

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“**I** DON'T want to hurt your feelings, Katherine,” said Girard Thaxton, “but I can't make a Russian wolfhound seem like anything but a freak animal. They don't know anything and can't do anything you want a dog to do. I really can't see what they're good for, except to appear in photographs with fashionable ladies, along with their hats, panniers, and other bizarre adjuncts.”

Mrs. Thaxton bit her lip. Diplomacy required that she withhold her retort. She wanted very much to keep the Grand Duke Vladimir.

“And I believe they're treacherous,” continued Girard. “They look it.” Wherein he was guilty of prejudice and unfairness, for no man should pass judgment on a dog without a trial.

But he was quite sincere. A Borzoi did n't look like a dog to Thaxton, whose taste ran wholly in the direction of hunting dogs, with a moderate fondness for English bulls. His present fancy was a pack of beagles, and his ideal of canine intelligence was a female English setter he had known and loved and shot over in North Carolina in 1902.

Mrs. Thaxton threw her arm across Vladimir's

strong shoulders and stroked his wonderful white coat. He waved his tail slowly and turned his head; his face was level with hers as she sat in her low chair. He just brushed her cheek with the tip of his clean, aristocratic muzzle.

“At least, he’s handsome,” said she.

Her husband surveyed the dog critically — the drooping tail, the long, powerful flanks, the sloping hips, the wasp-like waist, the muscular shoulders and neck, and the absurdly small head, with its low forehead, its narrow jaws, and its un-doglike eyes.

“I can’t see it,” he replied. “His coat is good, but his perspective is away off.”

Mrs. Thaxton was wise enough to let him have the last word, and the interview ended in an empty victory for the man, since Vladimir remained at Thaxtonia in the Wheatley Hills. She was forced to admit to herself that Girard was more than half right. She herself had been able to discover no real usefulness in the hound. She knew that she desired him chiefly for his ornamental and fashionable qualities, for she had never discovered anything — not even a brown and gold limousine with chauffeur and footman in brown and gold livery — that so contributed to the aristocratic aspect of her immediate environment as did the stately Grand Duke Vladimir. Moreover she wanted to bench him at



Her husband surveyed the dog critically—the drooping tail, the long, powerful flanks, the sloping hips, the wasp-like waist, the muscular shoulders and neck, and the absurdly small head



the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Mineola in June (there was too much danger of distemper at the New York show), for the prospect of a blue ribbon and its attendant publicity, literary and pictorial, fitted in nicely with her social purposes.

But there was something more than these motives in her championship of the Borzoi. During her autumn walks and drives she had become fond of him, and she had discovered in him evidences of an unmistakable affection for her. It was not the demonstrative, skirt-muddying affection of the terrier, nor the slobbery, mournful-eyed St. Bernard kind. In fact, it was not obvious at all. It had come slowly with the passing of the days, and expressed itself in momentary glances, little pressures of the body, and, in strict privacy, the voluntary resting of his head upon her knee. To her this affection seemed peculiarly valuable because of its subtlety, restraint, chivalry, and rare good breeding. It was as though she were loved at a distance by a prince of the royal blood; and such loves are not to be lightly cast aside.

To Vladimir this beautiful woman, with her soft voice and caressing hands, appeared to be the one person in the world whom it was worth while to try to please. John Burns, who fed and combed him, he treated with a certain mild condescension that passed for liking, but from all the other creatures

on the estate, whether quadruped or biped, he held himself haughtily aloof. On that account he gained a reputation for stubbornness and stupidity. The spoken word had but little effect on him save when uttered by his mistress.

But Vladimir had other vices than those of exclusiveness — or at least they seemed vices to the uncomprehending humans. He was not trusted at large, and when not in the company of his mistress he spent most of his time on a plebeian trolley. A wire cable was stretched from his kennel to a tree twenty yards distant, and Vladimir's chain was attached to a ring encircling this cable, so that he could run up and down if he chose. But he seldom chose; Vladimir was not playful.

This restriction of his liberties irked him, and for long hours he brooded sullenly in his kennel. Sometimes a mighty impulse would seize him to be off and away. Though kennel bred, the blood in his veins called aloud for long, swift, bounding runs across limitless steppes.

Now Vladimir's neck was thicker than his head, and one day he discovered something. With a twist and a tug he slipped off his offensive collar, and was off across the grounds. John Burns saw him and started out of the garage on a run, but a score of long, graceful leaps took the dog out of sight among the cedars.

The intoxication of freedom lent wings to the wolfhound's feet, and when he reached the Hempstead Plains it seemed to him that he had found again his native heath. Something within him called for speed and yet more speed. Then he settled down to a steady, undulating lope that ate up the miles, as light and billowy as the flight of the meadow lark.

Half an hour from the time he broke loose, an acquaintance telephoned to Girard Thaxton that his dog had been seen in Westbury, but he had hardly cranked his motor and started in pursuit when similar tidings came from Hicksville. Thaxton returned baffled.

At nightfall Vladimir appeared at Thaxtonia of his own accord and allowed himself to be ignominiously shut up. He was panting and thirsty, but apparently unwearied, though John Burns estimated that he must have covered all of forty miles.

The ineffectiveness of the collar being apparent, a stout harness was made for Vladimir and strapped securely about his body. He stood this just a week and then one day the roving impulse took possession of him again. Starting at his kennel he ran at full speed the length of his wire and then hurled himself forward like the bolt of a catapult. Something had to give way. It chanced to be the snap that attached his chain to his harness, and Vladimir

disappeared down the road like a long, wavy, white streak.

Again Vladimir returned after he had run himself into a state of comparative calm, but this time wrath followed in his wake, for he had wrought havoc in an East Williston poultry yard. It was then that Girard Thaxton rebelled. But his lady kept her temper and Vladimir remained, albeit reduced to the ignominy of a short chain strong enough to restrain an elephant.

Mrs. Thaxton was rather silly to want to take Vladimir to town with her. To be sure, he was as docile as an old setter when with her, but there seemed to be something incongruous in the idea of introducing the wide-ranging Borzoi to the city of narrowness and height. Thaxton had a dread of what might happen along the sidewalks of Broadway in case Vladimir should choose to take a little run, say from Union Square to Van Cortland Park, and back by way of the Bronx. Besides, most apartment hotels fail to provide adequate accommodations for jaguas or eagles or Russian wolfhounds.

However, Mrs. Thaxton assumed all responsibility and a compromise was effected. Vladimir might spend part of his time in the city if his mistress would make all the arrangements; the rest of the time John Burns would be accountable for him at Thaxtonia. The way was paved for him at the

hotel by means of a well lined purse and honeyed words, and Vladimir was given quarters in the nether regions and was cared for by an Irish porter who was passionately fond of dogs, "even whin they're snakes like this wan."

It was with inward trepidation but with a brave outer aspect of unconcern that Mrs. Thaxton first took Vladimir out for a walk in the city. She had him on a short leash, the end of which was wrapped many times about the hand which she kept inside her muff. She knew she could not hold the great dog for a moment if he should set his heart on getting away, but she purposed to nip such an impulse in the bud if possible.

Much to her relief Vladimir behaved like a perfect gentleman. The crowds on the avenue and the noise of traffic apparently had no effect upon his nerves, but seemed rather to steady him and give him poise. As a matter of fact, these sights and sounds awoke a vague memory in Vladimir's queer little brain. He forgot the hunt and the dash across the steppes, and recalled darkly the pomp and glitter of Russian nobility and the companionship of proud lords and ladies.

Vladimir strode along by his mistress's side with the dignity of a prince, swerving neither to right nor to left, setting down his feet with all the daintiness of a cat on a frosty morning. He held his head

high, seemingly conscious of the long, graceful, flowing curve of his neck, back, flanks, and tail.

Mrs. Thaxton was keenly alive to the impression she and Vladimir were creating between them. Her feeling of apprehension gave place to a glow of intense satisfaction. Vladimir was splendid!

In accordance with the terms of Mrs. Thaxton's agreement with Girard, Vladimir spent two thirds of his time in durance vile at Thaxtonia, but every day during his brief visits in the metropolis she took him out for an afternoon walk. Sometimes Central Park called them, but as a rule the crowded avenue proved a more potent lure. On pleasant days they would occasionally extend their promenade as far south as Madison Square, returning by way of Madison Avenue.

Vladimir never seemed nervous or restless, never tugged at his leash or attempted to run, never barked or appeared to notice any other four-footed creature — save once only. They were passing through a cross street one mild day in February when a dirty, half-starved black-and-white cat, hardly more than a kitten, trotted hastily across the street fifty yards ahead of them. Vladimir had never displayed any tendency to chase cats; Cobwebs, the gray stable cat at Thaxtonia, he had utterly and disdainfully ignored. But something in the sudden appearance of this forlorn animal awoke the madness that always

lurked within him, and he snatched the leash out of Mrs. Thaxton's hand and was off like the wind. He was upon the cat almost instantly it seemed, before she could think of escape, and together they slid for a rod or more along the wet, slippery sidewalk.

Mrs. Thaxton hurried forward, and was joined by two or three men, but Vladimir was not to be coaxed or driven off until he was through. He had changed in an instant from the gentlest of animals to a growling, bloodthirsty fiend.

Mortified beyond words, Mrs. Thaxton led him home by the least conspicuous route, his head and tail drooping, his haunches muddy, his jaws stained with innocent blood. But when a month had passed, and a new costume needed to be displayed on the avenue, she forgave him. Vladimir seemed quite to have forgotten his disgraceful lapse, and held his head as high and trod as daintily as ever. Ah, those Russians!

It was April in Madison Square. The air was still a bit raw, damp, and chilly, and a bit discouraging to those who longed for spring. Nevertheless a certain springlike tempering of the breeze was noticeable after noon and each of the park benches furnished a resting place for its quota of nature lovers from the ragged ranks of leisure. In the

newly groomed flower beds green spears of tulip and daffodil poked their sharp points above ground in promise of gorgeous bloom to come, and there was a hint of green across the lawns. Over on Twenty-third Street the little shops were hopefully displaying spring raiment.

As the afternoon wore on there was a little more loitering along the paths and all the benches filled. The twitter of sparrows became audible above the strident rumble of trolley cars. Near the center of the park an old man sat with a stolid bulldog between his knees, and a nondescript brown dog was sniffing about the nearby tree trunks.

Presently the walks began to fill with a crowd of men, women, and children, pouring out of Madison Square Garden, for it was circus week. On the sidewalk opposite the Garden an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was feeding the pigeons, which swooped down in all directions with a whistling of wings and a glimmering of irised necks, literally covering their benefactor, much to the delight of the passing children.

Emerging from Fifth Avenue, at the northwestern corner of the Square, appeared a fine lady, clad in a costume of black velvet, relieved here and there with a foamy outcropping of white. On her hands were white gloves, and a bunch of white narcissus was pinned at her waist. A huge salmon colored plume

burst like a flame from her black velvet hat. By her side there stepped with majestic mien a tall, shapely Russian wolfhound, milk white, with a huge bow of salmon colored satin at his throat.

Suddenly, over by the Garden, a shrill scream rent the air, followed by a terrified babel of human voices among the thinning crowd at the doors. There was a hesitating, panicky rush in several directions at once. Parents seized their children and looked fearfully about for the cause of the alarm. A big policeman ran heavily across the square, blowing his whistle.

Then there appeared from somewhere about the Garden the terrible, lank form of a big Siberian wolf, his red tongue showing and his white fangs gleaming wickedly.

He paused for a moment in the street, confused by the sights and sounds that assailed him. He was a huge, hairy creature, dark in coloring, with bristling neck and big, bushy tail hanging gracefully between his hocks. Tremendous muscular power was evident in every line and motion of him.

As he stood there, with one forefoot raised, his small furtive eyes shifted constantly like those of a thief. His nostrils quivered nervously; his upper lip was raised slightly in an habitual snarl. A big, dangerous brute he was, equipped for deadly battle, yet the picture of fear and the treachery of fear.

Some primal instinct had sent the snowy pigeons in flight to the roofs; not one remained in sight. For a block or more every sign of life disappeared from the street save the great, gaunt beast standing in the deserted thoroughfare like the figure of famine come to the great city for its toll of lives.

Presently the open space ahead attracted him and he came trotting into the park with a crouching, level gait, his head held low and his eyes glowing with evil.

The trot changed to a sort of gliding, cantering lope, slow yet suggestive of great speed, as though the swelling muscles of shoulder and hip were eager for intenser action. After long months of hateful incarceration this spirit of hungry defiance was free again — free to range and run, to tear and mangle, to kill and drink blood. A bit of wild, lawless Siberia had been suddenly loosed in the midst of the city of asphalt and stone, to set at naught the organized regularity of its civilization.

For a few minutes the fleeing or stupefied people, their screams and hoarse shouts, distracted the wolf, and he ran this way and that in undirected frenzy. The policeman drew his revolver but dared not shoot at the swift-moving beast because of the people.

At the western edge of the Square the cab horses were snorting and rearing in an agony of fear of the dread unknown. The bulldog cowered between the

feet of his old master, who was too dazed to flee.

A young man in a gray suit made a quick but ill considered sortie from cover to rescue a parcel he had left on one of the benches. The movement caught the wolf's eye, and the young man swung himself into the branches of a small tree just in time to escape the vicious snap of those dripping jaws. The wolf tore the parcel to shreds and leaped, snarling and biting, at the tree trunk.

The brown mongrel, brave but idiotic, stood yapping and prancing at what he doubtless supposed to be a safe distance. The wolf turned, and in half a dozen long, swift strides, fell upon the little dog and reduced him instantly to a mangled, bloody carcass. Then, with a sullen glance around, he began his disgusting feast.

There were those who remained to witness it, fascinated by horror or fear or reckless curiosity. Before the eyes of these, suddenly and without warning, there shot across the square a swift, voiceless, white object with a flash of salmon pink.

In the breast of the sedate, beautiful Grand Duke Vladimir the sight and scent of the hereditary enemy of his clan had aroused the mad blood of his fathers. It went coursing hotly through his veins and sent him speeding across the greening turf and over two rows of park benches, in leaps thirty feet long, his body doubling and extending like a steel spring.

There was a sharp, bewildering collision and the surprised wolf went rolling over and over on the ground. But Vladimir's rush had been too impetuous. He missed the mark his white teeth had chosen and sped onward twenty yards before he could check himself. Then he turned and gathered his wonderful legs beneath him to spring.

The wolf had scrambled to his feet, and stood with lowered head and half open jaws — jaws for which Vladimir's slender, pointed muzzle seemed no possible match. Indeed, the Borzoi, who had appeared so lithe and tall by the side of his mistress, looked pitifully small and ineffective now as he faced his heavier, more powerful enemy.

But though he had never seen a wolf before in his life, instinct — or inherited experience — told Vladimir exactly what to do. Two long, strong bounds brought him within striking distance and then he shot forward like a white, feathery arrow.

The wolf crouched, braced himself, and prepared to receive his assailant with a quick, powerful grip of the jaws. But Vladimir was too lightning-quick. He leaped clean over the wolf's back, and as he did so he caught the beast just back of the ear, with a quick, twisting snap, into which he put all the strength of his sinewy neck. In spite of his weight and crouch the wolf was again thrown off his feet.

Before he could recover, before he could even pre-

sent his horrid front to his opponent's bewildering attack, Vladimir was at him again and seized him deftly by the back of his neck. Trusting not to any fancied strength in his narrow, delicate jaws, Vladimir threw all the power of flanks, body, shoulders, and neck into one mighty wrench. There was a blood-curdling cry, a snapping of vertebræ, and the great, dark animal lay still.

The policeman ran up and put a bullet into the wolf's body for luck, and then the circus attendants arrived and the crowd closed in, forcing Vladimir back from his kill.

Mrs. Thaxton was scarcely noticed as she came up, somewhat pale and trembling, and took again the leash that Vladimir had snatched from her hand. But the dog saw her coming and stood with drooping head and tail until the caressing hand and broken words of praise reassured him.

When at length the crowd thought to look about for its deliverer, it saw — and cheered the sight — a tall, aristocratic-looking lady in a black velvet suit, with a salmon-pink plume in her black velvet hat, retreating toward Fifth Avenue, and at her side a slender white wolfhound, treading as softly and daintily as a princess, proudly unconscious of the salmon-pink ribbon dragging in the dust at his feet.

THE REGENERATION OF TIMMY



THE REGENERATION OF TIMMY

DR. BLAKE had been scolding Mrs. Borden a little, and there were tears in that good woman's eyes and a weary, tremulous look about her mouth. But perhaps she deserved it. Dr. Blake had left some medicine for Timmy's cough, and Timmy had refused to touch the nasty stuff.

When Timmy refused to do something that he ought to do, or insisted on doing something that he ought not to do, he generally had his way. That was the skeleton in the Borden closet. Obedience was not in Timmy. He was fully aware of his mother's inability to coerce him and knew well how to take advantage of his father's preoccupation and escape most of the harsher forms of punishment. He was an insurgent in the Borden household, and he knew the weakness of the *de jure* government.

"Timmy is a spoiled child," said the exasperated doctor. "He is never made to do anything and he knows he never will be. If he ignores an order long enough he knows it will not be enforced. I have been acquainted with Timmy since the day he was born, you remember, and I know just what's the

matter with him. If he were my boy he would take that medicine before he got another thing to eat. That would bring him around, I'll wager."

Mrs. Borden shook her head sadly.

"He would find some way out of it," she said. "You don't know Timmy."

It was then that the tears rose to her eyes. It is n't an encouraging thing to be told that you have spoiled your child when you have loved him very dearly and sacrificed yourself for him day after day.

"Oh, Doctor," she cried, "you don't know how much this all means to me. After his brother and sister died, and I saw what a delicate baby Timmy was, I could n't bear the thought of losing him, too. So I suppose I have indulged him too much. I suppose I'm not a very wise mother. I—"

Her voice broke and she lapsed into silence. Dr. Blake's eyes softened as he watched her, sitting in her low rocker with her work-roughened hands lying clasped in her lap, and her head, where the white hairs were beginning to show, bowed a little.

"There, there," he said, kindly, going over to her and patting her shoulder. "Forgive a crusty old bachelor. I've no doubt he will outgrow it and live to be your mainstay and comfort. Such things have happened before."

"Do you really think so, Doctor?" she asked,

brightening a little. "Of course, I hope so, and I like to think so, but it is often discouraging. I think I should be more hopeful," she added in a burst of confidence, "if it were not for one or two unfortunate traits in Timmy."

"For instance?"

"Well, Timmy is cruel to animals."

Dr. Blake shook his head gravely, but did not let Mrs. Borden see his face.

"Perhaps he will outgrow that, too," said he.

When the doctor had gone, Mrs. Borden went in search of Timmy. It was a warm May morning and he was most likely to be found in the back yard with one of the many ingenious if somewhat incomprehensible contrivances he had fashioned for his amusement. She stepped to the kitchen window, wondering, in her troubled heart, what new tactics might be employed to induce the child to take his cough medicine.

She caught the glint of the sunlight on his flaxen curls out by the apple tree, and the blue of his linen sailor suit. He was small for his seven years, and though he had long since rebelled against "girls' clothes," she had managed, with a mother's dread of seeing her baby grow up, to preserve his silken locks. His face, so deceptively sweet and cherubic at times, so often disfigured by pouts and frowns, was for the moment turned from her. Her arms

yearned to clasp him to her bosom and make him love her, and she sighed. Then, as she took note of his occupation, she caught her breath.

For Timmy, with that ingenuity in matters of mischief which was his predominating talent, had devised a new amusement of doubtful morality. On the grass before him lay a piece of sticky fly paper, and upon the fly paper stood, angry and astonished, the old black cat that lived next door.

Timmy shifted to a more comfortable position and displayed a face lighted with glee. Poor old Thomas, finding himself unable to walk off, began to mew piteously and tried to shake himself free. But the strange thing held him fast. Timmy prodded him in the ribs with a small forefinger, and the cat, in a panic, lay over on its side and began to kick furiously. The torn fly paper wrapped itself about his legs and clung to his fur, and Timmy's shrill laugh of elation and merriment reached his mother's ears.

Mrs. Borden hurried out of the door and across the lawn.

"Timmy!" she cried. "You naughty boy, what are you doing to that poor cat?"

But Timmy only laughed aloud.

"Silly old Thomas!" he cried. "He can't get away."

Mrs. Borden knelt on the ground and began to pull

the sticky paper from the now frantic animal.

"Here, don't do that," commanded Timmy, laying a protesting hand on his mother's arm.

But she persisted, in spite of the menace of Thomas's sharp claws, until at last he was able to free himself and run, with backward turned ears, across the yard and through the fence.

"Gee," said Timmy, his face dark with resentment, "you spoil ever'thing."

"Timmy Borden," she said, taking his arm, "that was a naughty thing to do, and you know it. How many times must you be told not to plague Thomas or any other animal? It is naughty and cowardly, and I shall have to tell your father about it when he comes home."

Then, feeling that she had at least reproved him and offered him a promise of punishment, she arose and went into the house. The matter of the medicine was forgotten, and Timmy went and sulked in his swing until dinner-time.

Mr. Borden came home each noon for his midday meal, but he was so hurried on this day that his wife forbore to trouble him with an account of his son's misdemeanors. After supper that evening, however, the matter resting heavily upon her conscience, she told him, though unconsciously she softened somewhat the grievousness of Timmy's offense.

"Well," said Mr. Borden, "I suppose I can whip

him if you say so, but it never seems to do any good."

Mrs. Borden, who was not an advocate of corporal punishment where Timmy was concerned, only shook her head.

"Really, Ruth," said her husband, "it would be better if you could deal with these things when they happen. He's doubtless concocting new mischief by this time."

He sat down to his evening paper without further comment, and Mrs. Borden bent over her darning with swimming eyes.

During the days that followed, the tired mother did try to deal with these things when they happened, but there was no genuine sternness in her gentle heart and Timmy had no lasting fear of her threats nor much concern for her mild penalties. He only sulked when his childish will was crossed; he was not becoming a better boy. It seemed to Mrs. Borden as though her prayers for greater strength and wisdom were not heard.

What troubled her most was Timmy's perversely cruel attitude toward animals. She herself had never been unkind to any living creature, and she could not understand this tendency in her offspring. Timmy took a lively interest in every sort of animal, but only as a source of amusement to himself. The spirit of sympathy, of comradeship with them had

not yet been awakened in him, if it ever would be. He would tease any cat he could get his hands on and worry any dog not large enough or wise enough to avoid him. He would pull the wings from flies in order to observe their subsequent struggles, and he invented other tortures which it would not be pleasant to recount.

Mr. Borden always seemed too tired or too busy to be bothered with these things, and Mrs. Borden confided her troubles to the gruff but friendly old doctor. He, however, could only offer his sympathy and counsel patience; he was not an authority on the problems of child discipline.

One afternoon in June, just before vacation, Timmy returned from school leading a small, non-descript brown dog at the end of a piece of twine. It was not much of a dog to look at, being little more than half grown and giving but slight evidence of maturing beauty. It was thin and very dusty, with a sagging back and an ungainly tail. On one side an irregular bare spot told of some early misfortune.

“Oh, Timmy!” cried his harassed mother. “Where did you get that dog?”

“He came into the school yard,” explained Timmy, with his most angelic smile. “We had lots of fun with him and then I bringed him home.”

The dog sat up on his bony haunches and looked

up at Mrs. Borden with big, questioning brown eyes. The eyes, at least, were not without the beauty of pathos. Mrs. Borden could not resist the impulse to bend down and pat the dirty little head, whereat the dog rapped loudly on the floor with his tail.

"But what are you going to do with him?" she asked.

"Keep him," announced Timmy with an air of finality, and tied the end of his string to the knob of the open door.

Mrs. Borden shook her head but went into the pantry for some bread and a bit of meat. "At least we can't let him go hungry," she said. "He does n't look as if he 'd had a square meal for weeks."

The child amused himself till supper-time by withdrawing the dog's dish just beyond his reach whenever he had begun to eat heartily.

Timmy said nothing about his new possession at supper, but after the meal he appeared in the sitting-room leading the mongrel. His father looked quickly up.

"What in the world have you got there?" he demanded.

"It's my dog," said Timmy.

"Dog!" scoffed Mr. Borden. "It looks like the last run of shad."

That was a comical thing to say and Timmy giggled, but his father was not joking.

“Put him out at once,” said he. “We can’t have the dirty mutt around the house.”

Timmy pleaded, wept, and stormed, but in vain; his father was obdurate. In the end he was sent off to bed with dire threats of punishment if he did not stop his noise, and Mrs. Borden sorrowfully cut the dog’s string from his neck and turned him out. Through the window she could see him sitting, a woeful, hunched-up little object, on the back steps, and surreptitiously she threw a bone out into the yard.

The first thing Timmy did the next morning was to open the back door and look out. There lay the little brown dog, waiting patiently on the top step. He raised his ears and wagged his tail in welcome.

“Hello, Shad,” said Timmy, using a name that had stuck in his mind since the night before.

Shad arose, stretched, yawned, and approached expectantly. Timmy quietly tied him to the porch rail.

When Timmy left for school, Shad whined and strained to follow, and Timmy smiled back at him and waved his hand, but Mrs. Borden had received strict instructions on no condition to release him. During the morning she fed him again and gave him a bath, much to his surprise, but to the improvement of his general appearance.

Mr. Borden was allowed to learn gradually that the dog was still about, but since Shad was not

forced upon his attention he forgot his previous commands and raised no further objection. Timmy spent most of his play time with his new companion, some of the time petting him and conversing with him, but more often devising some form of torment. He discovered, for example, that a card tucked between Shad's sensitive toes annoyed the dog greatly, and this entertained Timmy.

Mrs. Borden watched these proceedings with misgiving, and when at length she caught the child whipping the dog she protested.

"But he's been naughty and he has to be whipped," asserted Timmy, and let his mother understand that she must not interfere.

Strangely enough, the dog's devotion to Timmy appeared to increase daily, in spite of all ill treatment. He was never quite happy when the boy was away and always welcomed him with a glad little bark and many bodily contortions. But Mrs. Borden was troubled, and she consulted Dr. Blake about it the next time he called.

"Don't you think it might be wiser to get rid of the dog?" she asked. "I'm afraid he will only be a continued temptation to Timmy, especially after the novelty of having him wears off."

Dr. Blake considered for a while in silence. Then he said, slowly: "No, I believe I'd keep him, for awhile anyway. It may prove to be the saving of

Timmy. A boy and a pup make a wonderful combination, sometimes."

Mrs. Borden did not quite understand, but she took heart.

When vacation time came, Timmy took to strolling off up the street with Shad close at his heels. He was inordinately proud of his little brown shadow and liked to parade him before other children of the neighborhood. One day he came in crying loudly, with Shad trotting sympathetically at his side. His clothes were dirty and his lip was bleeding.

Mrs. Borden, frightened at his appearance, hugged him close.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" she asked. "Tell mama all about it."

"A — another b-boy," sobbed Timmy, brokenly, "wanted to t-tie a c-can to Shad's tail. I t-tried to l-lick him, but he was too b-big."

So far as she knew, it had been Timmy's first fight, and the thought struck terror to her soft heart. But she could not bear to chide him now. He needed comforting, and to have his bruises healed. Besides, there was something about the affair that gave her an undefined hope. When she had washed him and brushed him and dried his tears, she kissed him again and sent him out in the yard to play with Shad, and never told his father.

But she did tell Dr. Blake. That puzzling gentleman only chuckled and rubbed his hands and gave Timmy a dime.

Shad, meanwhile, was gradually developing a character, and like most characters it had its lights and shadows. He was an affectionate little creature with many heart-winning wiles, so that not even Mr. Borden remained entirely insensible of the attractiveness of his personality. There was always a look of wistful inquiry in his eyes and an appealing air about him that seemed to beg for affection and in most cases won it. The tradesmen smiled at him and called him "Sport" when they called at the back door, and Mrs. Borden found herself growing very fond of him. As for Timmy, there was certainly an abatement of the hectoring, though reform did not come easy to Timmy. He became the dog's staunch champion and friend if not always the gentlest of playmates.

But Shad could not overcome his lack of breeding. He was a gutter pup, after all, of doubtful ancestry, quick-witted enough and loving, but lacking that inborn refinement, nobility, and stability that should characterize the well bred canine gentleman. It was for his very weaknesses, perhaps, that Timmy loved him; there was that bond of sympathy between them.

Shad was obviously devoted to Timmy and was

ready to do anything to please him, but the fundamental principle of obedience he did not comprehend. If no stronger motive summoned him than the spoken word he came not, and when left to his own devices he displayed a discouraging predilection for destructiveness. Nor was cleanliness a part of his strange, pagan creed.

Moreover, there was the taint of vagabondage in his blood, and he showed a marked taste for gipsying. At irregular intervals he would unaccountably disappear, generally to return the next day, dirty and disreputable, and smelling obnoxiously of fish or stable. Then Mrs. Borden was obliged to wash him before he could be admitted to the house or to the close companionship of Timmy.

On the occasion of the first of these disappearances Timmy was inconsolable in the belief that Shad had deserted him or had been stolen. The unlikelihood of the latter theory did not strike Timmy. He counted himself bereaved and wept loudly and unrestrainedly. When Shad returned from his wanderings, Timmy fell upon him with wild demonstrations of joy, to the detriment of a clean shirt-waist. But as Shad's lapses from grace recurred, Timmy came to take them more as a matter of course, though he did not conceal his childish annoyance when the dog failed to respond to his whistle.

Then came a time in mid-August when Shad prolonged his absence over two nights. Even Mrs. Borden grew worried and cast frequent glances out of the window for the returning prodigal, the fattened calf being ready in the form of a dish of dry bread and gravy and a large bone from the previous Sunday's leg of lamb. All through the long forenoon of the third day Timmy sat in his swing or on the back steps and moped or pestered his mother with questions as to Shad's possible fate. He had heard, for one thing, that little dogs were sometimes ground up into sausage meat, and he resolved vociferously never to eat another Frankfurter as long as he lived.

Then, shortly after dinner, Shad reappeared. But what a Shad! If anything, he was a sorrier looking specimen than when Timmy had first led him home. He was as dusty as a barn window, his tail was tucked closely between his legs, and there was a dull look in his usually bright eyes. As he dragged himself laboriously through the gate and up the walk he whimpered a little, and gave every evidence of pain and suffering.

Timmy rushed eagerly down to meet him, forgetting his intention of giving the dog a sound thrashing. But no glad little bark greeted him, no ecstatic wriggling of a lithe body, no furious wagging of an absurdly long tail. He only crawled to

Timmy's feet, licked the chubby hand, and then rolled over on his side, panting painfully.

Timmy picked him up as best he could and partly carried, partly dragged him to his soap-box bed on the back porch. Very gently he smoothed the dirty little head, crooning soft, baby-talk things to him. Then, becoming frightened at the dull, glazed look in Shad's eyes, he loudly called his mother.

Mrs. Borden's first impulse was to snatch her precious Timmy away.

"He may be going mad," she said.

But Timmy would have none of that.

"No, no," he protested. "He's sick; he's very sick."

Mrs. Borden, conquering her fears, knelt down and examined the dog, who was moaning softly with each hard-drawn breath.

"I'm afraid he's been poisoned," she said.

Timmy, in a frenzy of apprehension, rushed into the house and presently reappeared bearing his bottle of cough medicine.

"Here, mama, give him some medicine," he cried.

"We must get him well."

Mrs. Borden took the bottle.

"No, dear," she said, "this would n't do him any good. But I'll try to give him some castor oil. Perhaps that will help him."

Castor oil seemed like undeserved punishment

to Timmy, but he fetched the bottle and watched anxiously while his mother struggled to force a dose of the sticky stuff down Shad's throat. Shad licked his besmeared nose weakly and fell to moaning again.

But the castor oil seemed to bring no relief, and Mrs. Borden tried white of egg with equally barren results. Shad lapped up a little cool water gratefully, but appeared too weak to fight against the poison that was burning in his blood.

"Oh, please, mama, send for Dr. Blake," cried Timmy. But his mother only shook her head sadly.

"He's not a dog doctor, Timmy," she said. "I'm afraid he could n't do anything more. Come away, dear, and led Shad alone for awhile. He may get over it himself."

But Timmy would n't let Shad alone. All the afternoon he sat beside him, trying to ease the pain, his little heart wrung by the sound of Shad's gasping breath and his low, piteous, continuous whining.

When Mr. Borden came home he made Timmy come into the house.

"You must have your supper now," he said. "I'll look at the dog afterward. I fancy he'll have to be shot."

Timmy turned pale at the horrible suggestion and gazed mutely at his father, his eyes wide with ter-

ror. He could eat nothing and the meal seemed endless. How could his father remain so unconcerned? Mrs. Borden, too, found something strangely amiss with her appetite.

But there was no need to shoot poor Shad. When Mr. Borden led the way out to the back porch after supper the dog was not in his box. Timmy caught sight of him first, running aimlessly about in a corner of the yard on very wabbly legs.

“Stay here,” commanded Mr. Borden. “He’s having a fit, a convulsion.”

In terrified silence they watched the sick dog stagger blindly into the fence and then topple over, kicking spasmodically. Gradually the struggles lessened and finally ceased, and the gaunt little brown body straightened out, stiff and still. Then they went down to look at him, Timmy clinging desperately to his mother’s hand.

Mr. Borden touched the lifeless form with his foot, and then, stooping down, lifted his foreleg and felt of his breast.

“He’s dead,” he announced briefly, and went for a spade.

They buried him deep in a corner of the garden. No word of grief or eulogy was spoken, though Mrs. Borden did not refrain from dropping a tear into the little grave. Then Timmy, because he knew nothing of the burial service, knelt beside the

gravelly mound and lifted to high Heaven his inarticulate wails. There have been mourners less sincere.

It was a strange, subdued Timmy that went quietly about the house during the days immediately following. His face seemed so pale and his eyes so big and sorrowful that his mother grew worried about him and sent for Dr. Blake.

"What's the matter?" he asked a little testily. "Has Timmy scratched his thumb?"

She told him the story of Shad's demise and the doctor listened with growing interest and sympathy.

"Poor little pup," he said at length. "But don't worry about Timmy, Mrs. Borden. He'll get over it; youth is elastic. And I'm not sure that it isn't the best thing that ever happened to him."

"Why, Doctor!" she exclaimed, thinking of the child's white face and silent mood. "What do you mean?"

"A few months ago," he said, "you were anxious about Timmy because he was unruly and cruel to animals. I think he will begin to be different now, if you will have patience. This thing has naturally made a profound impression on him and he will never forget it. His heart has been touched at last, and that is where the trouble lay. Where is he now? Let's have a look at the boy."

"He's probably out in the back yard," she re-

plied, and led the doctor through the dining-room into the kitchen. Together they peered through the window. On the grass beneath the apple tree sat Timmy, his big blue eyes staring into mysterious vacancy, his right hand idly stroking a scrawny gray kitten which lay stretched beside him, the picture of utter content.

“I told you so,” said Dr. Blake gruffly, and hastened off with his little black bag.

WOTAN, THE TERRIBLE

WOTAN, THE TERRIBLE

MILD, gray-haired Professor Hewitt appeared in the doorway of the living-room with an open letter in his hand.

“Doctor Niles wants us to take Wotan this summer,” said he.

“Wants us to take Wotan?” echoed his wife. “What is that — some kind of patent medicine?”

“No,” replied the professor, without the suspicion of a smile, “it’s his dog. He and his family are going to Europe and they don’t know of a good place to board him.”

Mrs. Hewitt pursed her lips dubiously, but Harriet, their pretty, tango-mad daughter, laughed merrily. “Oh, let’s take him,” she cried. “He’ll keep us company till college opens again. I’ve wanted a dog ever since poor old Bobby died.”

“What kind of a dog is it?” inquired her mother.

“He does n’t say,” replied the professor, adjusting his spectacles and consulting the letter.

“It’s probably one of those awful, chunky bulldogs, with a face like a Chinese idol,” said Mrs. Hewitt, who was seldom optimistic.

“Perhaps it’s a dear, fluffy little Pom.,” suggested the more sanguine Harriet. “Anyway, let’s take him.”

“I would like to oblige Bert,” said Professor Hewitt gently. “He’s done us so many kindnesses. And it isn’t as though we lived in the city. Of course, it would be out of the question in the city.”

Mrs. Hewitt was not convinced, but the more Harriet thought about it the more she felt she wanted Wotan, and in the end, as was usual, she had her way.

Dr. Niles expressed his great appreciation in his next letter, but seemed a bit perplexed as to the best method of sending on the dog. So Professor Hewitt, who found it necessary to go to New York on business anyway, offered to run out to Garden City and get him.

A week later a taxicab stopped at the Grand Central Station and a somewhat nervous-looking professor of biology stepped out with a small valise in one hand and the end of a dog chain in the other. A quiet word and a tug on the chain produced no effect. The professor placed his valise on the curb and hauled at the chain with both hands.

“Come, Wotan,” he called, with as much of stern authority as he could command.

A little knot of the curious gathered about him (a large proportion of New York’s population are

professional spectators) and a man of the John Bunny type suggested that the chain might be caught on something.

The professor knew exactly what it was caught on, and bracing a small foot against the taxi proceeded to heave convulsively.

Presently the chain began to draw out a little, and at length a great, brindle, crop-eared head appeared.

“By Jove,” exploded a dapper, chiropodist-looking little man, “it’s a pony!”

“Huh,” responded a wise newsboy, scornfully, “if it was a pony, he’d ride ’im. It’s a pup.”

A long, muscular foreleg, as big as the professor’s arm, followed the head, and with a mighty effort that threatened the taxi’s springs, Wotan drew his ponderous Teutonic bulk out upon the sidewalk. The John Bunny man stepped out of the way with a boyish agility that nearly ruined the dapper gentleman, and picking up his valise Professor Hewitt led his stately charge into the station.

They proceeded to the information desk where the professor wished to inquire how one went about getting a dog into a baggage car. He was obliged to wait while the more or less patient clerks explained time tables to a row of anxious and uncomprehending females. Wotan posed majestically, his head on a level with the professor’s elbow,

and another little group of tired business men and cosmopolitans formed a circle about them.

“What kind of a, now, dog is he?” inquired a son of Judea in a green felt hat.

“A Great Dane,” replied Professor Hewitt, whose calling was to impart information.

“What is he for? That is, what does he do?” asked another onlooker, with the air of one who made a careful study of things, his question suggesting that these animals might be used for piling teak at Mandalay.

“I don’t know what he does — yet,” replied the professor.

There was a slight drawing away on the part of the crowd, and a young man was heard to remark to a lady with him that the Belgians used them for hauling field guns in the war.

The professor was becoming a trifle annoyed by this attention.

“It is a carnivorous species,” he said, maliciously, and there was a retiring movement on the part of the commuters.

The professor was told by a sprightly and intelligent clerk that live stock was handled by freight, but he insisted that Wotan was a zoölogical specimen that would need to be handled with care because intended for microscopic purposes. At last he found a sympathetic Irishman from the baggage

department who seemed to know what to do with Wotan.

During the homeward journey the professor was able to concentrate his mind on other matters and leave the problems of transportation to the railroad company. Even at Springfield he refused to be worried and extracted a certain apprehensive pleasure from the spectacle of four trainmen inducing Wotan to change cars, while the news spread about among the youth of the city that a circus was being detained in the passenger station.

The details of Professor Hewitt's journey with Wotan from the Atwater station to his home on Sabbath Hill are enlivening though monotonous. With the help of a dusky giant who had once traveled with an Uncle Tom's Cabin outfit, he managed to get the dog hoisted into the single dusty hack that was waiting. But Wotan had become weary of vehicular travel and was a bit restless in an elephantine fashion. Also he was disposed to be affectionate upon rejoining his new master, and he expressed his emotions by persistent though ineffectual attempts to curl up in the professor's lap, detaching a vest button in the process, crushing two perfectly good cigars, interfering with the professor's pulmonary functions, and variously damaging his appearance and upsetting his equanimity.

When the hack stopped at the professor's gate the

idea of home and food was in some way suddenly suggested to Wotan's unburdened intelligence. He leaped to the ground with unexpected alacrity, jerking the annoyed savant after him in a parabolic exit. The professor applied his slender brakes, but the approach to the house was executed in whirlwind fashion. Wotan, seeing a hospitable doorway before him, opened wide his cavernous mouth, with its horrific armament of gleaming fangs, and emitted a shattering roar of canine delight. Whereupon Mrs. Hewitt promptly swooned on the threshold.

Wotan paused for a moment in wonder to sniff at her prostrate form, but before the professor could gather his scattered wits together, Wotan snatched the chain from his relaxed grasp, and dashed joyfully into the house.

By this time Harriet had come breathlessly to the rescue, narrowly escaping a head-on collision with the invader. Dragging her mother's limp form to one side she closed the front door, with the half-formed idea that the fury were better confined. Whereat the hackman drove regretfully away.

Wotan, confused by the unfamiliar labyrinth of rooms, slackened his headlong rush and proceeded to investigate. To his benighted mind the possibility of discovering food seemed as likely to exist

in one place as another. He sniffed about the corners, nosed Mrs. Hewitt's workbasket into an unrecognizable tangle, sneezed a peck of fine ashes out of the fireplace, and tested the flavor of a giant horseshoe crab, long defunct and very brittle. During this exploration he was continuously and disastrously wagging his monstrous tail. A rocking-chair was sent into violent oscillation, the glass doors of the bookcase resounded under a terrific thwack, the potted begonia went sailing off its tabouret to destruction, and the not uncourageous professor received a disabling blow some inches below the chest.

It was the butter balls that suggested the solution. Maggie, the maid, deposited them precipitately on the dining-room floor upon her first encounter with Wotan. This fact probably saved the leg of lamb, for Maggie retreated rapidly into the kitchen and banged the door shut, while Wotan paused to devour, with a moist, soughing sound, the delicious golden globules.

By this time Mrs. Hewitt had partially revived, and Harriet assisted her to a couch in the living-room, where she continued to give vent to weak little screams every time Wotan's tail came into contact with the furniture. With a resourcefulness born of desperation the professor baited Wotan with a cracker, and taking another, hurried out of

the front door, with Wotan threatening to upset him at every step. It was only when the Great Dane was safely housed for the night in a box stall in the unused barn, in company with the remains of yesterday's roast, a loaf of stale bread, and a bucket of water, that peace descended at last upon the Hewitt household.

It took some little time to get used to Wotan. When he had become calmer and more accustomed to his surroundings he was allowed inside the house again. But, though he did not repeat his introductory performance, one had to be constantly on the lookout for him. He always wagged his tail when pleased, and it was necessary to manoeuvre toward the front to avoid the danger of a lame hand or black-and-blue thigh. Apparently this tail, which possessed several of the qualities of an elephant's trunk, was insensible to pain, or he would have learned to restrain its violence. When all breakables had been removed to mantel or plate-rail — or broken — Wotan's posterior activities aroused less apprehension.

Then there was the perennial surprise of his dimensions. His chief indoor sport, next to eating and wagging, was to lie at full length on the living-room floor and snore. When in this posture he occupied practically all the available floor-space. If one attempted to enter the room through the

dining-room door, one encountered a great head and shoulders which constituted an obstacle well-nigh insurmountable for a scant-skirted person. If one made a wide detour and attempted to gain an entrance by way of the front hall, one usually found that approach blocked by Wotan's hind quarters. It was possible, by means of a well directed French heel, to arouse him to wakefulness or at least a shifting of position, but this was usually accompanied by so perilous an upheaval that the method was generally abandoned.

While dozing in this extensive fashion, Wotan's snores were whole-souled and unrestrained. He was delightfully naïve about this, quite lacking in self-consciousness. These snores, aside from their effectiveness in expressing an elemental emotion, possessed a carrying power out of all proportion to their harmoniousness.

I mentioned his eating. If you take the appetite of a small gray kitten, and multiply it by the difference between its weight and Wotan's, you will have a reasonably accurate estimate of the dog's alimentary demands. At first they fed him daintily three times a day with the residual miscellany from the family table. But Wotan's disapproval of this system was unmistakable. Then a belated letter came from Dr. Niles advising one meal a day, administered at night, the salient characteristic of which

should be bulk. Detailed suggestions followed, and Wotan's dinner thereafter consisted of two quarts of skim milk and a couple of loaves, aggregating about five pounds, whose chief ingredients were corn meal, raw beef scraps, and the greater portion of those by-products and remnants of the commissary department which previously found lodgment in the galvanized iron pail. Dessert usually consisted of a bovine thigh bone with such shreds of suet and sinew as might still cling thereto.

Wotan did not consume all of these bones. When through with them, after the manner of his kind, he buried them. Most dogs, following the instinct of the wild, bury their bones surreptitiously. A terrier will take his bone down toward the currant bushes, and then, with many backward castings of the eye, he will sneak around to the other side of the house. Here he will scent out a likely spot in the geranium bed, and with a fury born of the fear of pursuit, he will develop a hole of ample proportions in about forty seconds. Herein he places his precious bone, tamps it down, and pushes the earth back in with his nose. When all is over he returns to the kitchen steps by way of the back hedge, sublimely unconscious that any deductions can be drawn from a soil-caked nose and a broken geranium.

It was not so with Wotan. When the marrow

had been extracted from his bone and the outside polished to his satisfaction, he would take it boldly in his teeth, unsuspecting of man or beast, lay it tenderly on a row of lettuce in the garden, and proceed to undermine the barn. It seemed important to Wotan that his holes should be ample in area and that his bones should be deposited well below frost line, but his solicitude appeared to depart after the first few spoonfuls of earth had been pushed back in, and it was generally necessary for some one to go down with a spade and restore the grade.

There were one or two little habits of Wotan's which I hesitate to mention through fear of indelicacy. One was a propensity to shed his coat during the summer months. Everywhere he went he deposited innumerable short, sharp hairs which seemed able to travel on their own responsibility, when once set free, and which displayed a depraved ingenuity in getting into places and substances where they were not wanted. One day Wotan, escaping observation, lumbered upstairs and found a pleasant resting place on Professor Hewitt's bed. It was autumn before the professor ceased doing penance for his family's lapse in watchfulness.

Another unfortunate characteristic was a moist looseness about the sides of Wotan's mouth which made him unsafe in the presence of a silk skirt and

not always pleasing to visitors who did not understand his little ways.

But Wotan was dignified, he was majestic, he was physically superb. He was a perfect foil for Harriet's slender prettiness and she was fully aware of the fact. She took him walking through the village nearly every day, and though there was a paucity of desirable young men along the line of march in whom she cared to arouse sentiments of admiration, it gave her a feeling of satisfaction to know that she attracted attention and perhaps envy.

And Wotan always behaved perfectly. If he left something to be desired in the way of high spirits, he at least never disgraced her by mad rushes in the direction of unwary cats or undesirable canine citizens. Her chief delight was to waylay acquaintances who were evidently afraid of Wotan.

One afternoon in early September she returned alone from a call to find something unusual going forward in the front yard. Her father and mother, she knew, were both out, and Wotan had been left to guard the premises. Instead of bounding toward her in his usual stiff-legged way he remained, apparently preoccupied, beneath the maple tree by the front porch. Beside him she discerned a Panama hat which he had apparently nosed and moistened a trifle but had left otherwise uninjured.

Harriet's eyes, as she approached, were drawn up-

ward to the branches of the tree. Dangling his oxfords from a lower limb sat a man, on the safe side of thirty, dressed in light flannel trousers and a blue serge coat. He was somewhat bald and wore round, tortoise-shell spectacles; otherwise he was quite good looking.

Harriet paused and regarded him with amusement.

"You can come down now," she said. "Wotan, come here."

The Great Dane arose clumsily and stalked up to her with a puzzled expression of inquiry. The young man, after a moment's hesitation, swung himself from the branch and dropped to the ground. Picking up his hat gingerly, he said:

"This is Miss Hewitt, I suppose?"

Harriet nodded.

"I am Winter, the new laboratory assistant," he volunteered.

Harriet advanced a step and held out a gracious, white-gloved hand.

"I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure," she said with a polite smile.

"I just arrived in Atwater this morning," continued Winter, "and thought I'd run up and pay my respects to your father. I was met at this point by your honest watch-dog, and not having been previously introduced to him I thought it prudent not

to force my acquaintance upon him. Perhaps I did him an injustice."

"Oh, Wotan would n't harm anything," said Harriet.

Winter overlooked the unflattering impersonality of the remark.

"I believe you," said he, placing a hand tentatively on Wotan's head, "and I am relieved."

"Father should be back very soon," said Harriet. "Won't you come up on the porch and wait for him?"

So they seated themselves in the rocking-chairs, Wotan thumped down between them, and the three proceeded to become acquainted.

It was about a month later that the burglar came. It was Maggie's Thursday out, Harriet and Wotan were alone in the house, and the burglar rang the front doorbell. He was a genial, prosperous-looking burglar, and very polite.

"You need not be alarmed," said he, stepping inside. "I shall not try to sell you a vacuum cleaner or a war manual. I have merely come for the silver and jewelry and any loose change."

Harriet gasped.

"Are you a burglar?" she asked breathlessly.

"You are clever," he replied admiringly. "I am."

Harriet stepped back hastily.

"Wotan, come here!" she cried.

The Great Dane ponderously approached from the rear of the living-room, and sniffed inquiringly about the burglar's trousers. The man patted him heartily on the shoulder, whereat Wotan flopped down on the floor to continue his nap.

"I shall not hurt him," said the burglar. "I have seen him so often about town with you that I feel that I know him quite well. I like dogs."

Harriet clutched at her breast in desperation.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

The burglar displayed a suit case which he had brought.

"I am merely going to fill this with a few trinkets for the children," said he, "and then I shall have to go. My time is valuable and I'm afraid I can't stop for much of a call."

He led the way into the dining-room, and opening the drawers of the sideboard began methodically to pack up the family silver. Harriet slipped quietly back into the hall and took down the telephone receiver.

"You need n't bother," said the burglar, proceeding with his work. "I took the precaution of cutting the wires. And I would n't scream or anything, either. The Hathaways are all out and no one would hear. I am sure we shall be able to finish this without any excitement or confusion."

In a panic Harriet seized Wotan by the collar and tried to prod him into a state of activity, but in vain. He remained the picture of aloof dignity.

“Now,” said the burglar, appearing in the doorway, “if you will accompany me to the chambers we will see if we can find a few things to fill in the crannies with.”

He was a large man of commanding personality in spite of his pleasant ways, and he wafted Harriet ahead of him up the stairs. When the little job there was completed he went to the back of the house, locked the doors, and put the keys in his pocket.

“I thank you for your courtesy,” said he, returning. “I am very glad to say that it has been unnecessary to disarrange anything. I will now bid you good afternoon.”

He paused with the door partly opened, and his gaze fell upon Wotan.

“That is a valuable dog,” he observed. “I believe I shall have to take him along with me. I like dogs.”

Taking Wotan’s leash from the hat rack he snapped it into the collar, and with a deft tug induced Wotan to rise. Harriet threw her arms about the dog’s neck, but the man was too quick for her, and Wotan, sensing the prospect of an afternoon walk, stalked out, leaving Harriet in despair

upon her knees. The door banged shut, the key was turned in the lock on the outside, and Harriet heard the man's retreating footsteps on the front walk.

Forgetting the dignity of her twenty-two years, she ran upstairs, opened the bathroom window, and clambered out upon the roof of the bay window. A dozen years of young ladyhood had not obliterated this avenue of egress from her mind. Careless of the extensive exposure of white silk stockings she made her way along the stout limb of the old Baldwin tree and thence, by a well remembered route, to the ground.

Scarcely pausing to adjust her attire or give thought to her hair, she ran down to the gate and almost into the arms of Winter, who had just dismounted from his bicycle.

"Did you see him?" she cried, on the verge of hysterics. "Which way did he go?"

"Who? The professor?" asked Winter in amazement, taking advantage of her distraction to hold her soft arm.

"No, a burglar! No one was home but me. He came right in and got all the silver and things, and when he went off he took Wotan with him. Oh, you must have seen him. He only just left."

"He must have gone out to the back road. I came up the other way," said Winter. "You hurry

down to Professor Small's and get them to telephone to the sheriff. I'll overtake the man on my wheel and see if I can detain him. Tell the sheriff to drive up the back road."

He was off in a moment and Harriet hurried tearfully down the hill to do his bidding.

Around the bend by Turner's farm Winter caught sight of the man with the suitcase and the big dog a quarter of a mile ahead. Wotan, as usual, was behaving beautifully. The burglar was walking rapidly and was about to turn into an unused woods road when Winter overtook him.

The instructor rode a few paces ahead of him and then turned and dismounted.

"The jig is up," said Winter. "You'd better give me that bag and dog at once if you hope to get away."

The burglar smiled sardonically.

"How so, young man?" he inquired.

Winter, as a matter of fact, did not know just how, but he placed his slight but determined figure in the other's pathway. An ugly look took the place of the smile on the face of the burglar.

"I could knock you out in about two seconds," said he, convincingly.

Winter, realizing his ineffectiveness if left in a prostrate and insensible condition, drew aside a step

as the burglar menacingly advanced. Then an idea struck him.

“Lie down, Wotan!” he commanded.

Wotan, nothing loath, and recognizing a familiar voice, promptly and weightily obeyed.

“Get up, Wotan!” growled the burglar, tugging at the leash.

Wotan lifted his head doubtfully.

“Lie down, Wotan!” repeated Winter, and the dog, with a sigh, settled comfortably.

The burglar set down his suitcase and seized the leash in both hands. He hauled and jerked desperately, but to no avail. He might as well have tugged at the Sphinx. His geniality entirely disappeared and he uttered a number of very ungentlemanly figures of speech, referring in unflattering terms to Wotan's hitherto unimpeachable pedigree. Winter withdrew a few steps, thrust his hands into his pockets, and grinned.

“Stubborn, is n't he?” he remarked.

The burglar gave Wotan a resounding kick in the ribs. Wotan grunted. Then he gave him another, and Wotan made an unaccustomed little noise in his throat and drew back his upper lip.

“I would n't do that,” warned Winter. “You never can tell.”

The man glanced at Wotan's big tusks and the

swelling muscles of his jaws, and applied himself again to the leash.

Perhaps a glimpse of Winter's grin infuriated the burglar, for he wound the leash about his hands and threw his whole weight against it. Down by the snap it gave way, and the burglar fell back heavily over his suitcase. Winter burst into ill-considered merriment, and the burglar, leaping to his feet, started to annihilate him. But Winter was agile if not burly, and deeming it the proper moment for temporary retreat, sped down the road. The burglar, already half winded by his exertions, ran a few yards in pursuit, and then, seeing nothing to be gained by a handicap foot race, returned to Wotan. Winter promptly turned back to his post of observation.

The burglar now seized the dog's collar with the idea that a combination of choking and lifting might do the trick, but Wotan merely rolled over.

After five or ten minutes more of struggle, in which the burglar aroused Winter's admiration by his display of ingenuity and strength, the man sat down on his suitcase and mopped his streaming brow.

"I'm d—d if I'll leave you now," he said earnestly to the immovable Wotan, whereat the dog stretched his head out upon his forepaws and closed his eyes.

Suddenly the sound of approaching carriage

wheels caused Winter to turn and the burglar to leap to his feet. A running horse came around the bend in the road, followed by a buggy in which sat the bearded sheriff and another man, with Harriet wedged between them.

The burglar, giving Wotan a parting kick on the flank, picked up the suitcase and made for the woods. But Winter was prepared for this, and was close on the fugitive's heels. Reaching forward he caught the handle of the suitcase and nearly wrenched it from the burglar's grasp. The latter, his flight suddenly checked, turned and swung his clenched fist viciously. Winter ducked. Then the burglar, alarmed by the rapid approach of the buggy, abandoned hope of all save personal escape, relaxed his hold on the suitcase, and plunged into the thicket.

As soon as the buggy drew up, the sheriff and his assistant leaped out and started in hot pursuit, leaving Winter to assist Harriet to the ground. Falling on her knees in the dust of the roadside, she placed one arm about the suitcase and the other about Wotan's neck, and pressing her face to his, sobbed convulsively into his left ear.

Winter, a little perplexed as to what should be done in the circumstances, stooped down and patted her shoulder sympathetically.

And that's how the affair commenced.

THE HOUND OF MY LADY BLANCHE

THE HOUND OF MY LADY BLANCHE

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in ancient Brabant a rich old Baron. His castle stood upon a hill overlooking a busy town and miles of farm land and forest over which he held sway. During the wars he had fought valiantly for the reigning Duke and he was honored in the land and beloved of his people.

But the years rested heavily on the Baron's white head and he grieved because he had no son to inherit his name and barony when he died. His only child was a young daughter named Blanche, upon whom he showered every indulgence.

Lady Blanche was tall and stately and as fair as the dawn. To see her walk was like listening to music. Her brow was like lilies, her lips like poppies, and her yellow hair, bound about her head with a golden circlet, hung in two thick braids far down her back.

Five maids-in-waiting and a beloved old nurse attended upon her, but her favorite companion was a tall greyhound named Vite which had been brought from Venice. Vite was beautiful, he was swift, he

was strong and brave, and he loved My Lady Blanche better than his life.

Now there was a young Chevalier of the next barony who had looked upon Lady Blanche and desired her for his wife. He came to the castle with his retinue and sued for her hand. The old Baron, fearing his neighbors in his age, and seeing the wisdom of joining the two baronies under one banner, consented; but his fair daughter would have none of it. The Chevalier was too black and rough, she said. The Baron loved her too well to force the marriage and she, being an only child, was wilful. And so the Chevalier rode stormily away.

But the picture of My Lady's golden hair and sweet face was imprinted on his heart, so that he soon returned, pretending to hunt in the Baron's woods, and seeking daily for a glimpse of his lady love. He was so persistent and sent such beautiful gifts to the Lady's tapestried chamber in the tower, that her heart began to soften toward him.

But one day, when he was in a tempestuous mood, he drove off the greyhound Vite with a stone. My Lady saw him and her heart turned to flint in her breast. She shut herself away with her hound and sent back his gifts, nor would she vouchsafe him one little glimpse of her in the casement.

Thereupon the Chevalier, so the good folks say, became like a man demented. Sometimes he would

go crashing through the forest on his black stallion, pursuing nothing at all. Sometimes he would sit, black and glowering, by the moat, so that his own men-at-arms dared not approach him. Sometimes he would steal under her window in the moonlight and sigh until the ivy leaves rustled.

One day he caught poor half-witted Hans in the forest, and the lad fell on his knees and began to weep loudly.

“Spare me,” he cried, “and I will show you how to win My Lady Blanche.”

The Chevalier gave heed and Hans led him past the huts of the charcoal burners to a slimy tarn beside which dwelt a wrinkled witch. The Chevalier poured silver into her lap and begged her to tell him how he might win the hand of Lady Blanche.

The old witch arose and prepared a horrid brew in an iron cauldron. I cannot attempt to say what went into it. She made weird passes over it with her thorny stick and spoke strange words. At length, when it was well boiled down, she poured it into an earthen bottle and gave it to the Chevalier.

“If My Lady drinks but a drop of this,” quoth she, “she will fall in love with the first man she looks upon, be he knight or knave. Your own wits must perform the rest.”

The Chevalier took the philter and with four pieces of gold bribed one of My Lady’s maids-in-

waiting to administer it to her. Then he sent all his retainers into the forest and took his place beneath her window.

Now the Lady Blanche could brook no wine, so the maid poured the potion into the spring water which she brought in with the cakes. My Lady was listless and at first cared for neither food nor drink. Then she began nibbling one of the cakes.

At that moment the greyhound Vite came trotting into the chamber, hot and panting from a run with his keeper. My Lady stroked his beautiful head and fed him sweetmeats. Then, noticing his dripping tongue, she took up her beaker of water and poured it into Vite's silver dish on the hearth. The hound drank eagerly.

The Chevalier, waiting outside, became impatient, and blew a blast on his hunting horn to attract My Lady's attention. She stepped to the casement and drew back the draperies. The sight of her lover failed to warm her breast. But Vite, by her side, felt a sudden great devotion for the Chevalier and whined to be let out. My Lady tried to calm him and at length he slunk mournfully off to his cushion.

By nightfall the Chevalier, weary with waiting, strode away, cursing the witch and her impotent philter.

On the morrow Vite, spying the Chevalier, dashed out of the house and came fawning up to him. And

thereafter, whenever he gained the opportunity, the dog followed him, nor resented the rebuffs he received.

Then one day the Chevalier, the black mood being on him, went hunting alone in the forest. At noon he dismounted and sat him down beside a brook to ponder his misfortune in love.

About this time Vite, led forth by his keeper for exercise, broke loose, and, scenting the trail of the man for whom he had conceived so extraordinary a devotion, went loping off into the forest.

The birds were twittering in the tree tops and the forest breezes were cooling. The Chevalier, who had slept little for seven nights, fell into a doze, stretching himself on the mossy bank.

In the midst of a dream of his lady love, he awoke with a start to see a huge wild boar, the blood dripping from a wound in his side, come dashing through the shrubbery. The boar, mad from being hunted, bared his great tusks and came charging headlong.

The Chevalier had just time to roll out of the path of this wild rush and then struggled to his knees. The angry boar turned and came plunging back.

The Chevalier's lance was lying just beyond his reach and he had only the short dirk which he drew hastily from his girdle. He was strong and brave and he met the boar's charge with his gleaming

blade. The brute swerved, but returned to the attack, and the fear of death stole into the Chevalier's heart. Valiantly he fought the desperate, unequal battle, alone in the forest, but his right arm began to weaken and his lungs to fail him. He knew that he must fall at length and be rent to pieces.

At that moment a lithe, swift form flashed out of the forest shadows and Vite, with a low snarl, flew at the thick throat of the great beast. The boar, his attention diverted, turned upon the hound.

The nimble Vite might easily have kept out of harm's way, but his great love for the Chevalier drove him in close to the horrible tusks and dangerous hoofs, and before the Chevalier could seize his lance and plunge it deep into the wild boar's heart, the greyhound lay bleeding on the ground.

The Chevalier stood for a moment, breathing heavily. Then, leaving his lance in the quivering flesh of the boar, he picked poor Vite up tenderly in his arms, mounted his trembling steed, and drove slowly back to the castle.

My Lady was beside herself with grief and could only sob over her poor, mangled favorite. The Chevalier dressed the greyhound's wounds with his own hands, while Vite looked up at him with great, loving eyes, and the young Chevalier was hard put to it to restrain his tears.

The noble dog did not long survive his injuries

and they buried him out under the great sycamore tree, where every day My Lady Blanche placed flowers on his grave. But her heart had been touched by the Chevalier's tenderness toward the dying dog, and little by little she allowed him to comfort her.

And so at length she succumbed to his wooing. Their marriage was celebrated by a great feast in the old gray castle, and they lived happily ever after.

But when a famous minstrel was asked to sing a song of the bravest deed ever done in Brabant, he sang not of battles or of tourneys, but of the passing of Vite, the greyhound of My Lady Blanche.

LORNA OF THE BLACK EYE

LORNA OF THE BLACK EYE

HER kennel name was Champion Lorna Doone of Cragmore and her registry number was A. K. C. 61,008. It was nature that had given her the black eye in the first place and the judges and kennel men had done the rest.

Her pedigree had saved her in the beginning, for she was a daughter of Ch. Douglas of Cragmore out of Highland Shepherdess, and her perfect form had promised much. But her wonderful sable and white were marred by the patch of blue-gray shading to black around her left eye, the outcropping of some unwise breeding in generations past, and this blemish grew more and more conspicuous as she emerged from puppyhood.

The collie Standard states that color is immaterial, but it was a courageous and independent judge who dared to award the blue to Lorna, in spite of her superb head and perfect coat, over a more acceptably marked competitor who was anywhere near her equal. Lorna's bench-show career, therefore, was marked by a series of disappointments, and when she had at last achieved her hard-won

championship she was retired by James Thurston, her master, and established at Cragmore as a matron.

For some reason, or for many, not easily explained, Lorna was not popular. The judges disliked her because she had so often added difficulty to their decisions. Mr. Thurston was disappointed in her and could not help showing it. The kennel men found her too mild and lacking in spirit to suit their ideals and even condemned her as stupid. In short, from the fancier's point of view, Lorna Doone was a failure. She was a dog with a black eye.

Worst of all, Hugh Benedict did not like her. I say worst of all, for Lorna had taken a decided fancy to the young man who came so often to the kennels and appeared to be so fond of collies. Hugh liked military aspect in a dog. He liked a dog to recognize a gentleman when he saw one, to stand at attention when one approached, with ears cocked forward and head lifted with that regal bearing which is the mark of aristocracy in a high-born collie. Lorna would sidle up to him with tucked-in tail and drooping quarters, and fawn upon him abjectly, licking his hand and begging the boon of his caress. Hugh should have remembered the gentleness of her sex and should have been properly flattered by these attentions. Unaccountably they filled him with a feeling that would have approached disgust had it not been for his loyal esteem for all dog



But her wonderful sable and white were marred by the patch of blue-gray shading to black around her left eye

flesh and the honesty which made him admire her fine mane and thickly feathered tail in spite of himself.

“What’s the matter with that bitch, Jim?” he asked as Lorna slunk away before the advance of her noble sire.

Jim Eyre, let it be said, was the distinguished individual that Mr. Thurston had once called “the only kennel man in the United States who is at once industrious, honest, reliable, sober, gifted with common sense, and kind hearted.” Jim shook his head.

“I don’t know, sir,” said he. “By all the rules o’ breedin’ she should be a queen. But she’s come by a yeller streak somehow. She won’t stand up like she should. I think she’d run from a fox terrier. No spirit and precious little sense. Mr. Thurston thinks we should get good puppies from her, but I don’t know. May be it’s the black eye, sir.”

Lorna had, indeed, failed to come up to expectation in the matter of puppies. The first litter included some good ones to sell, but nothing worth keeping for the honor of Cragmore. Still, she was young and Mr. Thurston was disposed to give her a chance.

It was while nursing her first family that Lorna had displayed almost her only flash of spirit. Big

David o' Cragmore had come meddling around one day and, with the natural ferocity of the young mother, she had flown to the attack and put him to flight, but in so doing she had nipped his off hind leg so severely that he was kept out of most of the summer shows that year, which scarcely served to enhance Lorna's popularity.

The second litter never was. Mike Donohue, who was the assistant kennel man of the moment, had, while in liquor, committed the unforgivable sin for which many honorable men believe there should be capital punishment. He had kicked a matron in whelp. No one knew this but Lorna, and she could not explain, nor could she understand the lack of sympathy she received when the five poor, blind, motionless little puppies were still born. So much more seemed to be expected of her than she could perform.

When, the day after Mike's inevitable discharge, he reappeared at Cragmore, thoroughly intoxicated, and threatened Jim Eyre with an ax, Lorna, thrilled by the horror of a vivid recollection, had cast one frightened glance over her shoulder and disappeared, leaving big David to act the hero and save Jim Eyre's life. A yellow streak, in Cragmore opinion, was worse even than a black eye.

Lorna did not resent Hugh Benedict's coldness toward her. Resentment was not one of her failings

and she had become accustomed to coldness on the part of mankind. So she would lie in the grass and follow him with her pathetic eyes as he strode about the kennels with a kind word for this dog and a caress for that, and perhaps a brief round of sparring with the agile David. Some people and some dogs are apparently born to be spectators.

There were several things that attracted Hugh Benedict at Cragmore. In the first place he was himself the owner of three fine collies of the Cragmore strain, including Champion James Fitz-James, a brilliant son of Douglas. Furthermore, he could never get enough collies about him and he would rather spend any afternoon with the twenty-odd dogs of Cragmore than with the less nobly bred humans that infested the Country Club.

Finally, there was Catherine Thurston. Catherine, he told himself — and once, behind the wisteria on the porch, he had told her, too — was a thoroughbred, like his Irish hunter Kerry King and his Champion James Fitz-James. She had the points. Hers was the perfection of figure, the poise of head, the silkiness of hair, the liquid softness of eye, the ease of action, the queenliness of expression and bearing that would have won the blue from any judge that could have qualified for a bench show of womanhood. She fulfilled all the requirements of Hugh Benedict's Standard of Perfection, and Hugh

claimed to be something of a connoisseur. Her only faults, if she could be admitted to have any, were faults of judgment, for she was moved to take Hugh to task for his lack of civility toward Lorna Doone.

Catherine's love-me-love-my-dog attitude puzzled Hugh. Like most people with a superabundance of youth and vitality he was inclined toward over-confidence and self-sufficiency and he forgot to turn the tables on himself. It did not occur to him that Catherine might have seemed less adorable to him if she had not been, like him, a lover of dogs and an admirer of collie perfection — if, like some young ladies of his acquaintance, she had shrunk from the sometimes insistent attentions of James Fitz-James.

“But you know, Catherine, Lorna lacks character,” he said. “She — she is n't all there.”

Catherine smiled in a baffling manner.

“Hugh,” she said, “you don't understand dogs.”

At which he puckered his brows in perplexity. Apparently she was denying an axiom.

For Catherine loved Lorna Doone. At first it was pity for a weaker sister that drew her to the cringing little lady that had been given a black eye. There followed a better understanding and a devotion on the part of Lorna that would have been beautiful to see had not the world been blind — a devotion that is worth more in the final accounting

than all the points in the Standard. For the love of a true dog is a sort of worship which must of necessity inspire something of divinity in the recipient.

Catherine no longer felt it necessary to make excuses for Lorna, and Lorna remained at Cragmore.

On an August afternoon, when the roadsides were gay with young goldenrod and wild carrot, Hugh Benedict came cantering up to Cragmore on Kerry King. The man at the stable touched his hat and grinned, for he heartily approved of the young man's dislike for automobiles. Hugh was popular at Cragmore.

With a parting slap on Kerry King's flank he turned toward the kennels. He wanted to inquire about Cragmore Duncan's indigestion; he wanted to discuss a new dog soap with Jim Eyre; he wanted to feel the hard heads and soft coats of a score of collies crowding about him. Up they came like a flock of chickens at feeding time, with big David shouldering his way to the front. Only Lorna Doone remained behind to gaze wistfully upon festivities in which she could have no part.

After he had had his fill of collie intercourse Hugh sought Catherine on the vine-shaded porch. That young lady was pleased to be capricious.

"All through with the dogs?" she asked.

"All through for the present," he replied, unsuspectingly.

“And so,” she continued, “you are ready now to devote a little attention to me.”

Hugh smiled apologetically. “I did n’t know you were waiting,” said he.

“I ’m not; I ’m just leaving.”

“For where?”

“Just for a walk.”

“May I come along?” asked Hugh hopefully.

She shook her head. “You would n’t like the company.”

Hugh protested. He was always at a disadvantage in banter of this sort.

“No,” she continued, “I have an appointment with Lorna Doone, and you don’t like Lorna.”

“Yes, I do,” he asserted.

“No, you don’t. She is as sensitive as any woman to a man’s rudeness, and I shall not subject her to it.”

Hugh’s pleadings were in vain. She laughed mischievously at his discomfiture — though she was more than half serious — and started to find Lorna. He watched her disconsolately as she entered the gate in the high wire fence that surrounded the kennel yards and gave a low, musical little whistle. He saw several of the dogs turn and regard her hesitatingly and then Lorna appeared, bounding along joyously, her ears forward and her tail waving, and the glad light in her eyes that were so often dully

pathetic. He heard the low, whining little bark that is a dog's earnest effort to speak, and watched them as they started off across the meadow and down toward the brook, Lorna bounding beside her mistress, the embodiment of unconscious grace. But it was not Lorna that filled the young man's eyes. When they had disappeared from view he kicked a pebble with a vigor that suggested petulance, and sauntered off to amuse himself as best he might until it should be her pleasure to return.

Down by the brook in the lower meadow, where the Joe-Pye-weed grew, and here and there a cardinal flower flamed among the alders, Lorna Doone was tasting heavenly delights. All her dullness, all her cringing obsequiousness had fallen from her like a blanket. Head, eyes, ears, and tail were all eloquent of joyous animation. She dashed up and down the bank and among the thickets, her wonderful coat scarcely rippling above the energetic movements of her lithe body; or she walked proudly beside Miss Thurston, thrilling at the touch of the light hand, her head uplifted and her eyes gazing with adoration into the beautiful face of her goddess. The devotion of a true and queenly heart responded so quickly, out there away from the eyes of men, to the sympathy that was needed to call it forth. Only Miss Catherine, of all the world, understood, but that was enough. All a true dog asks

of life is some human being to love and the reciprocating confidence of a single mortal.

Catherine, on her part, was inclined to be a little pensive and silent and Lorna, sensitive to her mood, soon restrained her exuberance and walked quietly by her side.

The path by the brook became damp and tangled, and presently they left it and climbed a little hill from which they could see the cool greenery of Henderson's woods, a favorite haunt of theirs. Lorna trotted a little way ahead and turned back, as though to say, "Come, Miss Catherine, the sweet shade lies just over yonder, and the cool spring by the great oak tree."

Between them and the woods lay the inclosure of Henderson's twenty-acre pasture. To the left was the difficult brook path; off to the right lay the hot, dusty road. In the pasture there were usually cows — Henderson's famous, sleek herd of Holsteins — and Catherine had instincts not uncommon among her sex. She hesitated at the fence, while Lorna stood watching her expectantly. Then, lifting her skirts to her knees, she stooped and slipped between the bars. Lorna trotted back a few paces and came sailing over the top rail like a bird.

The cows were apparently not in the pasture, or they were on the other side of the hill, for none were visible, and Catherine started bravely across to-

wards the woods, with Lorna running eagerly ahead.

Suddenly the collie stopped and stood motionless, her head turned toward the rising ground at their right, and the hair on the back of her neck began to rise slightly. To Catherine's senses there had come no hint of danger.

"What is it, Lorna?" she asked.

As if in answer to her question there appeared from behind a thicket of shrubbery on the crest of the hill the massive head and shoulders of Siegfried II, the mighty chief of the Henderson herd.

Catherine gasped and her hands flew to her breast. All her woman's fear of a bull arose within her and held her rooted to the spot where she stood. She wanted to scream, she wanted to flee, but terror for the moment held her paralyzed. And it was not entirely a foolish fear, for Siegfried II had but recently been released from close confinement and he had a wicked reputation.

For what seemed to Catherine like an eternity the great black and white creature stood motionless as though in haughty disapproval of this invasion of his domain. Then he stepped slowly out into full view, lashing his tail angrily and giving his royal head a toss or two. Standing there on the crest of the low hill, silhouetted against the western sky, he appeared elephantine in his proportions. Lorna,

like her mistress, stood transfixed in terrified astonishment.

With a low, ominous bellow the bull began to advance, slowly at first, his small eyes gleaming wickedly. The power to act suddenly returned to Miss Thurston. She turned swiftly, and quickly gaging the shortest distance to the fence, she started to run at the top of her speed, her face deathly pale and her eyes big with fright.

The bull started down the hill at a trot and then, maddened by the sight of a fleeing quarry, broke into a wild gallop which rapidly diminished the distance between him and his victim.

Then descended the spirit of her ancestors upon Lorna Doone, the coward of Cragmore. She had never known cattle, but there is an hereditary instinct in a collie which kennel breeding cannot entirely destroy.

Suddenly the plunging bull was startled by a slight form flashing across his path beneath his very nose, and in amazement he slightly checked his speed. Then again it came, the swift annoyance, and he shook his head and bellowed at it. Lorna, cleverly avoiding his flying hoofs, leaped, barking, about his head. He changed his course and charged at her, but she jumped nimbly beyond his reach.

Siegfried shook himself as though to get rid of this dancing torment and rushed on again toward

the now stumbling Catherine. Lorna, gathering speed, followed in pursuit, and leaped at his hocks.

The bull turned again, beside himself with fury, and charged full at the collie. Again she dodged, and, closing in, nipped him in the leg.

Lorna was panting now; the unaccustomed exertion was beginning to tell. The bull followed one plunging rush with another, and she was hard put to it to avoid his flashing hoofs and menacing horns.

Catherine, her heart thumping as though it would burst and her breath coming in great sobs, fell against the fence, too exhausted to clamber through.

Her own life had been saved by the diversion created by the collie, and now the girl was too weak to offer any assistance to the harried dog. She could only stand in horror and watch what promised to be a tragedy.

But the bellowings of Siegfried and the barking of Lorna had attracted the attention of one who had been wandering disconsolate by the brookside. There was a sound of running footsteps and presently a pair of strong arms lifted Catherine over the fence and placed her gently in the grass on the other side.

“Are you hurt, dear?” inquired Hugh Benedict, anxiously.

For a moment Catherine could not speak. The world swam before her eyes in a blurred twilight

and her limbs felt strangely not a part of her. Then, with an effort, she overcame her faintness and sat up.

“No,” she said, between gasps, “not hurt — but — Lorna —”

Hugh glanced into the pasture. The bull had evidently forgotten all about the young woman and was devoting all his energies to the annihilation of the collie. Poor Lorna apparently did not realize that her mistress was safe, for she continued, with increasing signs of weakness, to worry her huge antagonist. The bull, with no apparent diminution of energy, repeated his plunging charges. Her circlings became narrower and narrower; the battle had become for her a struggle for life against odds.

“Oh, Lorna!” cried Catherine, grasping Hugh’s arm convulsively, as the collie lost her footing. For a moment it looked to the spectators as though she were lost, but she managed to scramble up just in time. A blueberry bush, caught on the bull’s horns, went sailing, with its clod of earth, high into the air as the great Siegfried recovered from the charge.

Without a word Hugh Benedict unclasped Catherine’s fingers from his arm and vaulted lightly into the pasture. Wrenching a rail from the fence he advanced at a run toward the battle.

Again Lorna’s weakening legs gave way as she

made a sharp turn in dodging, and again she barely succeeded in rolling aside from the murderous horns. But she was too late to avoid the flying hoofs. There was a sharp thud as the bull's forefoot caught her in the shoulder. She rolled over and over and, after one frantic effort to rise, fell back and lay quite still.

The bull turned again and came pounding back with the obvious intention of tearing his helpless enemy to shreds, when suddenly, with a blinding crash, the heavy fence rail caught him across the eyes. He slowed down, shook his head, and turned to take the measure of this new antagonist. Again the rail descended, and this time, more accurately aimed, struck him full on his sensitive, velvet nose.

Siegfried, roaring with pain and rage, gathered himself for the attack, but he was met by the end of the rail thrust vigorously against his windpipe.

The bull paused, snorting, and pawed the earth. He was not unacquainted with men armed with rods and clubs; he hesitated.

Hugh, following up his advantage, rained blow after blow upon the nose of the baffled bull, who began turning his head from side to side to avoid them.

The young man was strong, he was angry, and the fire of battle had entered his soul. He did not de-

sist until the great bull, half blind and with the fight dying out within him, turned sullenly away. A vicious jab in the ribs started him on the retreat, and a well-aimed stone, catching him behind the ear, sent him on a gallop back over the ridge.

Hugh let his fence rail fall from his trembling grasp and stood for a moment, breathing hard, but with the light of conquest in his eye, and watched the retiring enemy until he disappeared. Then he turned and walked over to where Lorna lay motionless in the grass.

Very gently he lifted her head to his knee and began feeling of her legs and ribs. She opened her eyes once and made a feeble attempt to lick his hand, and then closed them again wearily.

He picked her up in his arms and bore her back to where her mistress stood anxiously waiting on the other side of the fence. Reaching through the bars he laid the collie on the ground and then climbed over.

Catherine took his hand in both hers, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Hugh," she said. That was all, but it was enough because of the look that went with the tremulous words.

"Is she badly hurt?" she inquired, kneeling down beside the collie.

"I think not," said Hugh. "There seem to be

no bones broken. She had the wind knocked clean out of her, I guess. She 'll be all right."

With one hand Catherine stroked the beautiful head of the now reviving collie, and with the other she found Hugh's hand and pressed it to her burning cheek. And Hugh, instead of doing the obvious and quite desirable thing, knelt down and kissed the despised black eye of Lorna Doone.

TOM SAWYER OF THE MOVIES

TOM SAWYER OF THE MOVIES

AS you enter the third floor of the New York Public Library from the elevator, and turn to the right into the corridor, I can tell in a minute whether you are a dog lover or not. If you are, the first thing you notice will be Sir Edwin Landseer's "Dog in a Stable" hanging on the opposite wall of the picture gallery directly ahead of you.

He is not one of Landseer's superb collies or high-born spaniels. He is quite definitely the dog of a British hostler, with a patch over one eye and a muscular chest and shoulders quite out of proportion to his alert and entirely adorable little head. (You can almost feel the velvet hardness of it in the cup of your hand.)

Just such a dog was Tom Sawyer. He had the pointed nose and bright eyes of a fox terrier, the sturdy body of an English bull terrier, and one or two elusive variations in conformation and markings that suggested a casual disregard for consequences in his choice of forebears. From the point of view of the fancier he was woefully lacking in class, and unlike more highly bred animals he seemed to be quite unsensitive to ridicule. But you could see

with half an eye that he was all dog — bone, brawn, heart, and brain.

He never could learn the proper relation between clean dresses and muddy paws, and he acquired an insatiable appetite for cheese and mischief. He was not what you could rightly call a dignified dog. But if I should attempt to tell you all that Tom Sawyer knew you would never believe me. Having no desire to be classed as a nature faker I will confine myself to a few incidents that may be easily verified, and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

I first saw Tom Sawyer sitting on a damask sofa in a big moving picture studio in Chicago, hunting desperately for a flea — real or imaginary — that appeared to have sought refuge on an inaccessible portion of his back. A property man, coming up with an armful of draperies for a parlor scene that was being set up in the studio, brushed him off the sofa with an agile foot, and Tom addressed the man vigorously in canine Billingsgate.

I had gone to the big movie workshop to see how the reels are made, but I found myself devoting most of my attention to Tom Sawyer. He was the most nervously active individual in a very busy place. At times he would pause long enough to receive the gushing attentions of some actress with very red lips and very black eyebrows, but for the most part he was constantly on the move. Once, in an excess

of enthusiasm at recognizing an actor friend in an unusual make-up, he dashed into a kitchen scene from one of George Ade's fables, and the operator had to stop his clicking machine and make a note to cut out a yard or two of film, while Tom Sawyer was led protestingly away. Later, in the outdoor studio back of the building, he broke up a garden party scene by chasing a property rooster under a table laden with lemonade glasses. And yet no one pursued Tom Sawyer with murderous intent.

I got into conversation with Harry McAllister, who takes juvenile parts and is particularly good in erring son scenes, and he told me about Tom Sawyer. It seems that Tom, wet and dirty, had wandered into a movie theater in Racine the previous April and had sat in the aisle during the entire evening, watching the screen with the absorption of an habitué. Where he had come from no one knew, and when the show was over he showed no intention of going out again into the rain.

When Jack Searle, the operator, came down from his eyrie, he gave Tom a piece of chewing gum, which Tom promptly swallowed and sat up for more. He followed Jack out and Jack bought him a bun and went home. Next day Tom was on hand at the theater with the rest of the fans.

A week or two later Jack had to go to Chicago to get fixed up at headquarters, and he brought Tom

with him and presented him to the assembled multitude. This Tom accepted philosophically and proceeded to make himself at home. Why he was not kicked into the street during the first week I do not know, for the misdemeanors recorded against him are too numerous and shocking to print. He was chastised, but continued incorrigible. The fact remains that his life was spared long enough for him to wriggle his unregenerate way into the heart of every human being in the establishment, from the businesslike general manager to the red-headed boy who assisted the property men in return for the honor of conversing occasionally with Sam Davis, the mad motorist of the company.

It was Sam, by the way, who first conceived the idea of making use of Tom Sawyer. Three or four months later, when I again visited the movie factory, I saw Sam pulling out of the alley in his low-backed car with Tom Sawyer sitting soberly upright on the radiator, with a small derby hat on his head and a big briar pipe in his mouth. For a dog who could never be taught ordinary obedience, he had taken with astonishing aptitude to such tricks as seemed to him a bit waggish or unconventional.

The following winter, in Springfield, Mass., my eye was caught by a poster in front of a moving-picture theater announcing a photo-comedy entitled "The Day of the Dog." I am not a movie fan, gen-

erally speaking, but I always take in a picture play that has a dog in it. I have never yet been disappointed. The moment the figures of one or two of my Chicago actor acquaintances appeared on the screen I had a swift premonition of what was to follow and I was not surprised, though highly delighted, to observe my old friend Tom Sawyer presently enter the picture hanging tenaciously to the seat of Billy Smith's trousers. From that point the film was a scream. Tom Sawyer treed a pair of lovers, upset a butler with a tray full of tea things, dug a big hole in a newly made geranium bed, and finally tore down a pair of blazing curtains and so rescued a real baby (no pun intended) from a horrible fate. My sophisticated eye caught indications now and then of a cut-out, due, I had no doubt, to certain irregularities and the insertion of unscheduled business in Tom's acting, but on the whole he took his part with accuracy and zest, and I feel sure the producer had felt no call to urge him to "put more pep into it." He was unquestionably the star of the performance.

Now the rest of this story I learned from eyewitnesses, including Miss Fanny Mortimer herself, though I should have believed it, knowing Tom Sawyer, even if I had read it in a newspaper.

Of course you have a fourth-row acquaintance with Fanny Mortimer, known from Fresno to Prov-

incetown as the Queen of the Movies. No doubt you have often been drawn moth-like to the arc-lighted lure of a Fanny Mortimer night. It is she whose pretty, girlish features appear on the dressing-table of your idolizing niece (or maybe your nephew). It is she who can circumvent bediamonded villains behind closed doors, who can shoot down mountain sides on skis, and ride unsaddled bronchos across the chaparral to the nearest doctor, and rescue struggling athletes from drowning, or rake hay adorably in a Maud Muller rôle. It was Fanny Mortimer who at length adopted Tom Sawyer.

Twenty-five miles out from New York on the Hempstead Plains, where it is possible to find a stretch of country that looks in a picture exactly like a Dakota prairie, Miss Mortimer and her cortège put in three solid and exasperating weeks training Tom Sawyer to his part in the great three-reel American photo-drama, "Sweet Sally of the Bad Lands." I have seen the play since, and it is a wonder. The climax comes in the third reel when Peter, a lamb of a horse that looks a raw-boned devil, having had a burr inserted beneath his tail by the jealous rival, runs away with Sweet Sally across a treacherous, marshy alkali flat to the imminent peril of her neck. At the psychological moment her little dog Tricksy, whom the rival has previously at-

tempted to poison, appears providentially from a thicket, leaps at Peter's head, catches the bridle in his teeth, and hangs on until Sally regains control of her maddened steed.

My inquiries as to the details of Tom Sawyer's training for this thrilling rôle have brought me no very definite information, but I gather that there was some profanity used on the Hempstead Plains last April. Apparently he and Peter invented a little game of their own that did not fit in with the purposes of the drama, and the price of seven rattan whips and two pounds of strong cheese was added to the bill of expenses before it seemed to dawn upon Tom Sawyer that he was expected to restrict his energies to a single course of action. Having once learned, however, it proved difficult to restrain him from seeking a pendant ride from Peter's bridle whenever the horse broke out of a walk.

When finally, after a prodigious expenditure of films and temper, the great scene had been permanently recorded for the future delectation of the American public, Miss Mortimer took rooms in an uptown hotel in New York in order to devote a week or two to dressmaking and recuperation.

It was on the first day of May that the adventure befell to which I have been so laboriously leading up. At ten o'clock in the morning Miss Mortimer had her favorite horse saddled and brought around

to the hotel — not the rough, roistering Peter, but her glossy, black Mazeppa. She appeared in a silver-gray corduroy riding habit, with knickerbockers and patent-leather boots, that made three bell-boys, two clerks, and the man at the cigar stand cease operations and stare. Beside her trotted Tom Sawyer with a new tan collar about his thick, plebeian neck.

It was a perfect Spring day in Central Park. The sun shone warmly through the little red leaves of the maples and the filmy green of the birches. Nursemaids with perambulators were out in full force, and the heart of Fanny Mortimer was glad — likewise that of Tom Sawyer, who promptly stole a stick of taffy from the chubby hand of a surprised young heiress and headed for cover.

A gruff voice caught Miss Mortimer's ear, and she beheld a stalwart and not unattractive policeman pointing to a very obvious sign which stated that the park ordinances forbade all persons to allow dogs to run at large.

Tom Sawyer was most certainly at large. His joyous bark was heard once or twice, but he did not reappear. Miss Mortimer favored the policeman with a winning smile and promised to hale the dog forth from the forbidden ground; but the promise was more easily made than kept. Tom Sawyer had apparently set out upon some quest of his own devising, and his mistress was troubled with a fore-

boding that her morning's pleasure was to be marred.

She made her way at length into the bridle path, in the hope that the sound of Mazeppa's canter would draw Tom Sawyer forth from his retreat. It would be rather disgraceful to have him arrested.

The broncho-busting Sally of the Bad Lands had been transformed into a charming park equestrienne, and many were the admiring glances that were turned upon her; but she observed them not. Her eyes and ears were strained to catch sight or sound of a little law-breaking terrier.

As she approached a drive that crossed the bridle path she was suddenly aroused from her preoccupation by a shrill scream and the wild galloping of a horse. From the left, around a turn in the drive, there rushed into view a foam-flecked runaway horse, dragging a swaying trap, in which were seated a man and a woman, the latter pale and wide-eyed with terror and the former leaning forward, clutching the dashboard, and calling loudly on the horse to "whoa." The runaway, with dilated nostrils and dragging reins, came dashing along at top speed. A hundred yards behind and gaining but slowly, pounded a mounted policeman in hot pursuit.

To her right, around another bend, Miss Mortimer caught a glimpse of careless strollers and the white frocks of children.

She dug her heels into Mazeppa's glossy sides and he leapt into the driveway, turning sharply to the right just as the runaway shot by. Gathering full speed Mazeppa took up the chase, but the runaway had a flying start and Miss Mortimer found herself only a few lengths ahead of the policeman, who shouted to her an unheeded warning.

It was a stern chase, with the chances in favor of a tragedy somewhere around the bend, and Miss Mortimer's heart sank as she took in the situation. Then, as though prearranged by some resourceful producer, a swift, animated bolt shot out from the shrubbery, across the road, and straight at the head of the runaway.

It was Tom Sawyer, performing his hard-learned trick. Oh, why was there no clicking machine near by to record the most gallant exploit of Tom's career on a ribbon of imperishable film?

He caught the right-hand rein four inches from the bit and closed his young jaws upon it. The horse, suddenly conscious of a new terror, veered sharply to the left, nearly upsetting the trap, and then plunged on again. This was old Peter's cue to slow down and come rearing to a standstill, but the runaway, a powerful chestnut gelding, only felt the inexplicable dead weight of Tom Sawyer's solid bulk tugging at his mouth and strove with frenzied violence to shake it loose.

Poor Tom was in a perilous plight, now swung far out to the right, now crashing back against the runaway's heaving chest. It was doubtless some hideous trick they were playing on him, but he only closed his eyes and hung on. It was fortunate for him that the shaft of the stylish trap was curved down at the end, or he must have been impaled upon its brass ferule.

But no horse can keep up a 2.20 clip with forty-eight pounds of tenacious dog hanging from his bit, and though the chestnut's mighty tossings were dangerous to the equilibrium of the light trap, his speed perceptibly diminished and Miss Mortimer and the policeman began to close up the gap.

The harness was new and strong and held fast, and the trap still managed to keep right side up; its occupants were thus far uninjured. A scream or two had sent men, women, and children scurrying to the sides of the road and none had been hurt. But ahead there was another and sharper turn in the drive and one knew not what lay beyond it. With a little cry of desperation Miss Mortimer applied her quirt to the now reeking Mazeppa.

Then, with the bend a rod ahead, the runaway, in an access of exasperation and fright, broke into a series of short, mad leaps, rearing and straining his powerful neck in a last violent effort to rid himself of his incubus, and Tom Sawyer was hurled into the

rhododendrons with a bit of leather still clamped between his teeth.

In an instant Miss Mortimer was reaching for the runaway's head, and in another the policeman had him on the other side, and the race was over.

Handing Mazeppa's bridle to a bystander, the actress petulantly waved aside proffered congratulations and the stammering thanks of the man in the trap, and ran back to where Tom Sawyer lay quietly upon his side where he had fallen.

Fanny Mortimer, save in her professional capacity, was not an emotional person, but her eyes were streaming and her hands trembling as she knelt in the dusty grass beside the still form of her terrier.

"I knew he was dead and I loved him so!" she cried to me afterward, forgetting her smiling reserve in the telling of this tale.

She lifted the sturdy, naughty little head to her knee, smoothing the velvet forehead very gently with her fingers and choking back the sobs. Then something happened that made her catch her breath. A swelling appeared in Tom Sawyer's throat, and a struggling, painful effort to swallow. Then a half perceptible little gasp and a slight relaxing of the set jaws. Miss Mortimer's hand flew down to the soft, warm place between his forelegs and felt a little irregular flutter there. She bent her lovely lips to his notched right ear and whispered his name.

There was a movement of his lips and brows, and for a brief moment he opened his eyes and looked bravely up at her.

Just then Phil Harris pushed through the small circle of silent spectators and knelt by Miss Mortimer's side. He had recognized her and he had heard about Tom Sawyer from me.

"I have sent for a taxicab, Miss Mortimer," said he, "and we'll get him back to your hotel. Tell me which one it is and we'll have a veterinarian up there in twenty minutes."

She looked up at him gratefully. She did n't notice the cynical lines about his world-weary mouth, but only the moisture in his eyes, for Phil Harris had owned an Airedale once that — but this is Tom Sawyer's story.

Very tenderly they lifted him to the seat of the taxi, and very slowly they drove back to Miss Mortimer's hotel in the bright May sunshine, leaving the mounted policeman to fulfil his promise to look after Mazeppa.

At the entrance of the Park a sudden whim seized the Queen of the Movies. Stopping the taxi she leaned out and beckoned to the policeman who had warned her about allowing Tom Sawyer in the Park.

"See," she said, "I have brought him out as I said I would." Then she burst into tears and the taxicab rolled on, leaving the policeman standing in

the middle of the drive open-mouthed with amazement.

Tom Sawyer recovered; that is the one joyous fact remaining to be told. I called at the hotel with Phil a week or so later and found the spoiled creature eating cheese on a sofa cushion. The doctor found no broken bones, but only a severe nervous shock, from which dogs as well as women can suffer, and a sad disarrangement of internal works which, owing to Tom Sawyer's native vitality, gradually righted themselves. His left hind leg was partially paralyzed, when I saw him, but was improving.

Once more did I see Tom Sawyer. Miss Mortimer had been called to British Columbia for some strenuous movie acting, and had left her protégé with his friends at the big Chicago studio. He knew me and promptly sat up and begged for a piece of cheese, of which I had providentially a small supply. If I expected to find a subdued and dignified Tom Sawyer I was doomed to disappointment. The last I saw of him he was dashing out into the yard with a silk hat in his mouth, hotly and profanely pursued by fat and famous John Morrow himself.

Some dogs are simply hopeless.

THE RETURN OF THE CHAMPION

FULLY realizing how dull biographical details may be, I yet venture to review briefly the chief occurrences in the career, or odyssey, of notched Don, otherwise known as Champion Stony Hills Adonis, if only to prove how little certain humanly important matters have to do with the inner life history of a dog, except to divert it from its normal course.

He was an Airedale terrier of royal blood, whelped in Connecticut in 1907, sired by Ch. Stony Hills Archer out of Birchwood Mollie, and at the time was excessively round as to stomach and wobbly as to legs. James Hutchins, his owner and breeder, had chosen Stony Hills as the cognomen of his kennels, and, being a man of moderate imagination, he followed a custom common with the fancy and selected for his dogs baptismal names beginning with a single letter. Thus, the five fuzzy and sooty-nosed individuals of Birchwood Mollie's litter were duly registered as Advocate, Alfonso, Adonis, Arabella, and Alice, all with the prefix Stony Hills.

The hungry little rascal that rejoiced in the singularly inappropriate name of Adonis, was the middle-

sized pup of the three males, and, by a combination of prescience, experience, and superstition, was early picked as a future winner by James Hutchins and his dog-wise friends.

Whatever amusing or disgraceful events may have occurred during the infancy and adolescence of Adonis must remain unrecorded, for such details form no part of the annals of well regulated kennels.

He made his début at Mineola at the age of eleven months, and carried off the blue ribbon in the puppy class. The judges pronounced him a youngster of rare promise, well marked, spirited in manner, with well sprung ribs, forelegs as straight as rulers, and a perfect head. That interested Howard Towsley, who gave Hutchins a check for \$150 on the spot and had Don's crate shipped to Huntington, Long Island.

Adonis duplicated his performance at Southampton and one or two smaller shows, and the following February he captured the blue among the American-bred Airedales at the big show of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York.

During the summer of 1909, Mr. Towsley, wearying of the sport of exhibiting dogs, sold Adonis for \$300 to Ned Buxton, who was more of a speculator than a fancier. Buxton, a few weeks later, sold him for \$500 to Thornton Rogers of Metuchen, N. J.,

who loved dogs no more than he loved real estate, but whose skill at playing politics had won him a wide if not wholly desirable following in the fancy.

It was during the Rogers régime that Adonis achieved the last of the fifteen points necessary for his championship title. He was now full grown, a splendid specimen of his breed, trained down to forty-six pounds and groomed to a hair — a proud young aristocrat of dogdom. His picture was published in the leading kennel papers and fame sat upon his black saddle. Incidentally his money value had increased tremendously.

In June, 1910, Ch. Stony Hills Adonis romped away with the premier trophy at the Ladies' Kennel Association show at Mineola, being adjudged the best dog of any breed exhibited, and two weeks later *Field and Fancy* announced that he had been sold for \$1200 to Carlton Endicott, the millionaire fancier of Bryn Mawr.

Mr. Endicott's kennel man took Adonis in hand and groomed him for the Airedale specialty show in New York the following December. Adonis managed to get his digestion upset at just the wrong moment, but for all that he took reserve in the winners class against over a hundred competitors of his own breed.

Mr. Endicott had high hopes for winning extraordinary honors with Adonis at the 1911 New York

and Philadelphia shows, and was quoted as saying that he would not take \$2,000 for his champion. It is not known that he received any offers, but Adonis became known as a \$2,000 dog.

Then came his downfall. It may be that too much handling and too little loving had developed in him a petulant disposition; such things are not uncommon among show dogs. At any rate, he became involved in a lively altercation with a brindle bull terrier of doubtful lineage in the streets of Bryn Mawr, and emerged therefrom with a permanent limp in his left foreleg and a very noticeable notch in his right ear.

In a twinkling he fell from the proud estate of a prize winner and became notch-eared Don with no more chance in the show-ring than the plebeian bull terrier that had whipped him. Mr. Endicott was disgusted, but the kennel man, Joe Hodder, feeling no little responsibility in the matter, counseled patience. Don's record was intact, Joe said, and he would be immensely valuable at stud. But Mr. Endicott had no taste for breeding, and so Joe negotiated the final sale of Adonis to the Oak View Kennels at Hempstead, Long Island, for \$900.

Thus ended the public career of Ch. Stony Hills Adonis. But what has that to do with the life of a dog? Adonis, I maintain, for all his native intelli-



He was now full-grown, a splendid specimen of his breed, trained down to forty-six pounds and groomed to a hair—a proud young aristocrat of dogdom

gence, did not know a blue ribbon from a yellow one. He only knew that it was his fate to fall periodically into the hands of a new master and to be shipped about the country in a stuffy crate to strange quarters or to the maddening inferno of a dog show. In what way did all this nonsense concern him?

On that sunny morning at Stony Hills, when the puppy first found himself groping blindly in a strange world, the angel that watches over the birth of dogs implanted in his absurd little breast the hereditary love for mankind. Now the Airedale terrier is primarily a one-man dog. Of all the human beings on this planet he selects one upon whom to lavish the wealth of his devotion. For others he may show some affection, some spirit of protection, but always there is one whom he chooses to be his man. Normally, this is his master, the one who feeds and educates him; sometimes he is capricious in his choice and his master is not his man. But when once he has placed his affections, he is faithful to the death.

Don's life was artificial, abnormal, but the blood of his fathers flowed in his veins, the instinct of attachment was bred in his heart. In the course of his many migrations, then, did he find his man? Was there one master, handler, kennel man whom he recognized above all others as his personal deity, the

memory of whom lingered in his queer little canine brain? Was it James Hutchins, Howard Towsley, Ned Buxton, Thornton Rogers, Carlton Endicott, Joe Hodder? As a matter of fact it was none of these. It was plain, red-haired Mary Shea who cooked for the Towsleys during the year that Adonis sojourned in Huntington.

The first year of Don's life had been spent in kennels, where he had ample opportunity to learn the give-and-take principles of dog democracy. Kennel men had come and gone, and he had learned to obey and respect them, receiving at their hands such chastisement and such favors as they had seen fit to bestow. But his heart had warmed toward none of them; in fact, he had been scarcely conscious of any yearning for closer human association.

But with his removal to Huntington, all was changed. He missed the daily companionship of his brothers and sisters. There were but four other dogs at Mr. Towsley's, and their ways were strange to him. They were a reserved, self-sufficient lot who, through the vicissitudes of their lives, had learned not to expose their hearts to the possible perils of change or neglect.

Adonis, in short, was lonely. Mr. Towsley was gentle with his dogs, but his kindness had more of the pride of ownership in it than genuine affection. Adonis was neither disappointed nor hurt by this,

but there grew in his heart a troubled, unsatisfied longing for something more.

Naturally of a nervous temperament he became restless, and his restlessness led him into a number of misdemeanors. He was banished from the house and spent his days dismally at the end of a chain which was fastened to a ring that ran on a wire cable reaching from the tree beside his kennel to the garage.

Adonis was too well bred a dog to lament vociferously, but he would lie for hours beneath his tree expressing his woe with long sighs and a little, plaintive whistling noise in his throat.

It was this sound that found its way to the warm Irish heart of Mary Shea.

"The poor little dog," she said, standing in her kitchen door and gazing out compassionately upon the black and tan form crouching, chin on fore-paws, in the grass. "I can't a-bear them whines."

In the intervals of her work she was drawn irresistibly to the door, to find him lying in the same spot, his beautiful brown eyes searching the mystery of the universe for he knew not what.

Then, finding a chop bone, she impulsively pushed open the screen door and went out to him. She held out the bone enticingly and Adonis arose rather heartlessly and approached her. He sniffed at the bone, took it, gnawed tentatively at it for a few mo-

ments, and then, leaving it on the ground, turned and went back with lowered tail to his place in the shade.

Mary stood with her hands on her hips, regarding him.

“Well, you’re a strange beast,” she said. “What’s wrong with ye, anyway? Are ye sick?”

Adonis fixed his upturned eyes upon her, the whites showing at the corners, giving him a most mournful expression. She bent over and knelt before him, caressing his hard little head.

“Now what’s the trouble?” she crooned. “Could n’t ye tell me?”

Adonis only rolled his eyes and never moved a muscle.

Mary laughed and seizing him by the scruff of the neck gave him a little shake, to which he submitted imperturbably.

“Come, come!” she cried. “Wake up, ye silly. Don’t be so low spirited.”

Adonis blinked stolidly.

She grasped him by the shoulders and made him sit up, but he only hunched his back and hung his head. Then, with sudden impulsiveness, she hugged him to her blue gingham bosom and arose.

“Ye’re just sulkin’,” she said. “Ye’ll feel better after a bit. Don’t forget your bone.” And with that she left him sitting immovably, gazing after her, the embodiment of dejection.

As the summer wore on Mary Shea persisted in her attempts to fan the slumbering spark in Don's unapproachable breast, and gradually he began to show signs of interest in her brief visits. One day in August he arose suddenly and gave her a moist and ticklish kiss below the ear, and by September he was dashing to the end of his chain at her approach, standing on his hind legs and pawing the air, with open mouth and whining invitation.

Then came an autumn day when something called to the spirit of his ancestors and it awoke within him. A tramp, whose shabby clothes at once aroused Don's inbred suspicions, knocked at the kitchen door. He was not a very dangerous tramp; he asked only for food and the traditional car-fare; and Mary Shea was well acquainted with his kind and fully capable of taking care of him. But the tramp's voice was gruff and unpleasantly insistent, and Adonis tugged at his chain in his eagerness to have a hand in expelling the intruder.

The tramp, refusing to be repulsed, started to open the screen door. Mary jerked it from his hand and hooked it. The sudden movement and the sharp slam of the door aroused Adonis to a fury. A swift rush snapped the trolley wire at the tree, where it had been worn half through by the dog's constant activities, and the ring slipped off. Drag-

ging his chain, he dashed headlong to the porch, with bared fangs and flashing eyes.

The man backed quickly into the corner, throwing up his arm to protect his throat. But Mary saw Don coming, and desiring no bloodshed, sprang hastily out and intercepted his mad rush. She laid hold of his collar and the dog, still straining to get at her supposed assailant, nevertheless obeyed the restraint of her hand.

“Lie down, Don,” she commanded.

Instantly, though not without a muttered protest, he complied, and crouched tensely at her feet, watching the tramp’s slightest movement.

“Now you begone,” she said to the man.

He needed no second invitation and hurriedly made his exit, while Don lay obediently passive but observant.

Mary stooped and petted him.

“Good boy, Don,” she said, patting his neck. “It’s a fine watch dog ye are. But it’s all right now. Good dog.”

Don stood up, wagging his short tail rapidly with pleasure at her words of commendation. Then he leaned gently against her, raising his muzzle toward her face, and his eyes said: “I will protect you. Of all humanity I have chosen you to be my special care. I shall be your dog, till death us do part.”

That is the creed and religion of a true-hearted

dog, but Adonis, alas, was not the arbiter of his own destiny. Like the kings and princes of the earth he was doomed by the very nobility of his breeding to be the victim of circumstances. He could choose neither master nor mate, but his goings and comings must ever be under the control of beings whose purposes he could neither resist nor comprehend.

When Adonis was again sold in slavery to Ned Buxton it was fortunate for him that he had no presentiment of his fate. He was disconsolate because he thought that another journey in a crate and another of those nerve-racking bench shows were before him. But it did not occur to him that he had seen the last of his comfortable kennel in the shade of the maple tree, where Mary Shea was wont to come on pleasant afternoons and roll him over and pull his ears and speak soft-sounding words that were so very pleasant to hear.

But Mary knew, and her heart was heavy within her. She would have bought him for herself if his market value had not increased so absurdly beyond her means. Personal entreaties, she knew, would be useless and out of place. So she was obliged to hide a grief which, among the humans of the Towsley household, would have been considered silly.

For months Don had been her best loved and most

loving comrade. On Sundays she had been permitted to take him for a walk out along the country roads where she feared nothing with him to protect her, and where he threw off all the conventional reserve that he had acquired and became just a normal, healthy, high-spirited dog, rejoicing in his freedom, in the innumerable possibilities of adventure in this glad world, in the strength and speed of his own sturdy legs, and in the companionship of his adored one. For her alone he reserved those little caresses, those little expressions of emotion whose language she had come to understand.

It did not help her much to know that he was unconscious of his impending fate. Every little yelp of greeting, those last few days, was like a stab in her tender heart, though she forced herself to be jolly to the end.

But when the day of parting came at last, and she heard his protesting "Woof! Woof!" from the motor car that bore him away to the station, she shut herself in her room, foolish girl, and wept as though her heart would break.

In his new quarters, as the hope of immediate return grew dimmer, Adonis, like many another betrayed gentleman, shut his heart away from the world and hid his true feelings behind an exterior of indifference or haughty reserve or, it must be said, ill temper. And so he became just a show dog,

not very amiable and not greatly loved, valued only for the honors he could bring to feed the pride of his owner. It was said in the fancy that he was nobly fulfilling the promise of his youth, but the true destiny of a dog in the world of men, fore-ordained from the beginning, was for him not fulfilled at all.

The events of those years need scarcely concern us. Save for the disgraceful fight in Bryn Mawr they are written in the official annals of the American Kennel Club. But at the Oak View Kennels in West Hempstead a new life began for Champion Adonis. It was not a happy life. The professional kennel man who is at once efficient and tender hearted is a rarity, and the prevailing opinion at Oak View was that Adonis, though valuable for commercial purposes, was an ill-natured, snappish brute who might easily become unmanageable if not ruled with a heavy hand.

On a hot, muggy, fly-infested day in August Adonis did become unmanageable, or at least his spirit flashed up in a brief tempest of revolt. His keeper, annoyed by the heat and the general irritability or listlessness of the dogs, yanked at Don's collar with uncalled-for vigor. Adonis bared his teeth and snarled.

"Oh, you would, would you!" cried the man, and cuffed Adonis smartly on the side of the head.

Whereat Adonis, reckless of consequences, snapped at the keeper's hand and drew blood.

The keeper jumped back with a cry of pain and anger and kicked the dog savagely. Adonis, the rebellious impulse having passed as quickly as it came, cowered, whimpering. Then the man dragged him out back of the kennels, fastened him by a four-foot leash to a post, and left him to repent of his sins.

The sun was burning hot and an Airedale is a cold-weather dog. Occasionally Don gave voice to a long, hound-like howl of distress, and the man would come and kick him again or strike him with a stick and bid him shut up.

The short chain was cruel, the beating was cruel, the intense heat of the sun on his head was more cruel, but worst of all was the lack of water. For hours in the broiling sunshine he was deprived of this necessity. His throat was parched and his tongue, hanging far out of his mouth, was as dry as old leather.

Late in the afternoon the heat and the drought burned their way in to his brain and the frenzy of madness came upon him. He leaped to his feet with staring eyes. He sprang wildly against the restraining collar till he was nearly strangled. Then suddenly something snapped and he was free.

The sense of liberty lent strength to his trembling

limbs and he dashed across the grounds and around the house, leaping the four-foot hedge that bounded the lawn. A keeper saw him and gave the alarm.

Adonis did not know where he was going. He was only conscious of the shouts and hurrying footsteps behind him, and he bent all his efforts toward the sole end of getting away — away to some place where he might find a moment's peace and a drink of water.

He was a fleet runner and he soon left behind him the sounds of pursuit, but in his frantic desire to escape he continued at top speed, his eyes rolling backward, his tail between his legs.

As it chanced, he was headed east, and he soon found himself in the village streets. Men and horses and automobiles and all sorts of obstructions seemed to be conspiring to head him off. In his terror he dashed this way and that, crazed with thirst, seeking blindly for some opening to freedom.

It is one of the firmly rooted superstitions of mankind that any dog that acts wildly is a victim of rabies and a horrible menace to human life. There is always a fool ready to shout fire at the first puff of smoke in a crowded hall, and there is always a fool to cry mad dog on the first imagined provocation. There was such a fool in Hempstead that day, and his cry was promptly taken up by other fools.

Most of the people in the streets sought shelter as quickly as possible in shops and doorways, the screams of children and their mothers adding to the general confusion. The more valiant laid hold of such weapons as they could find and started in murderous pursuit. The din of it gathered intensity behind him as Don, meeting opposition in Main Street, continued his agonizing race down Fulton.

At the fire house the Dalmatian mascot Maggie, who would have attacked a lion if she had puppies within, ran barking into the road. A man scrambled close after her, seized her by the collar, and dragged her back to safety. This unexpected diversion turned the course of the Airedale's flight and he wheeled swiftly to the right and plunged into an opening between two buildings.

Hastily, with a heart-breaking effort, he checked his speed. The way ahead narrowed to a passage a few feet wide, from which two men bore down upon him, yelling and brandishing cudgels. Escape lay not there.

Adonis turned again. Three men blocked the way by which he had entered, and the faces of others peered around the corner of the building.

Cornered, cowering in the very abandonment of terror, a pitiful caricature of his once proud self, the champion stood at bay.

Some one threw a stone which struck sharply the wall behind him. There was something cowardly about stone throwing that had always made him furious. With a snarl he started forward. There was a slight rearward movement at the corner of the building which drew Adonis on. Then he rushed, madly, blindly, in a last instinctive effort to live. The human barrier, seen through a red mist, appeared to waver, but two forms stood in his path, menacing, determined. He dashed full at the smaller of the two. The man turned white but held his ground, holding his weapon ready for the crucial moment.

The man, sucking in his breath loudly, swung, but the dog, springing from directly before him, leaped clean over his crouching form. Ah, it was well Joe Hodder had taught him that trick. He landed rather heavily, darted among the legs of the bewildered crowd, crossed the street, and sought safety in the open of the park.

Sticks and stones rattled about him, a few of them hitting him. One stone, striking him full on the flank, caused him sharp pain. A policeman, appearing at last, sought to uphold the majesty of the law by using his revolver. Three shots went wild; the fourth by some strange chance, grazed the Airedale's ribs.

He kept straight on across the park. Winded

and spent as he was, weakened by effort and fright and thirst, he called upon the last reserves of energy that were bred in his blood and nerve and sinew. Though he almost staggered in his stride, he knew that none behind him was his match in straight-away speed. He urged himself through the park, around the clump of shrubbery and into the back street, and disappeared from view, leaving poor, panic-stricken Hempstead to regain its composure as best it might.

The fate, or the guardian angel, that led Adonis out of the village in a northeasterly direction soon showed him the open country and he sought for freedom there. His burst of speed had left him weakened and dispirited. The limp in his foreleg bothered him and the scratch on his side smarted, but a breeze swept across the Plains and the heat of the sun, sinking toward the west, was tempered by the mist of the horizon. He trotted stolidly on, over the sun-burnt grass and rye stubble, his head held low, sniffing for water.

Out beyond the Polo Grounds he found it, in the little stream called Meadow Brook. He plunged into the cooling water, lapping eagerly. Then he crawled out, shook himself, and lay for a time beside the brook, recovering his strength through utter relaxation.

As the evening shadows filled the little hollow of

the brook he took another long, satisfying drink and started on again, he knew not whither.

He was a free dog now, slave to no master, and for several days he roamed the Plains, for the most part invisible to mankind, seeking food and drink and rest. But his strength was slow in returning. The nervous strain through which he had passed had sapped his energy. Untrammelled and unrestrained though he was, he felt none of the old-time buoyancy and elasticity.

He was no longer the handsome champion of the show ring. His notched ear flopped dolefully over one eye and his unkempt coat became shaggy and dusty. He forgot his military bearing and fell into a slouching, hound-like gait, and there was ever a hunted look in his eyes. Accustomed, as he had been, to careful, regular feeding, he took little pleasure in the refuse which now constituted his diet, and he began to feel sick and miserable.

He was sick at heart, too. Liberty, it appeared, was not the sole end of life, and a great loneliness took possession of him. And yet he did not long for the life of the kennels, the voices of other dogs and the passing to and fro of men, but for something else that lurked in the dim alcoves of his memory.

It would be difficult to say when first the homing instinct laid hold on him. Avoiding the villages in his woe-begone pilgrimage, he had wandered far,

skirting Westbury, Hicksville, Syosset, Northport, till one morning in early September found him at Cold Spring Harbor, a sick, homeless, friendless dog, but with his nose pointed east and a new impulse directing his feet.

He did not know where he was; he but dimly felt whither he was bound; but something called him eastward, and he went.

I have often been foolish enough to harrow my soul with fancying the sorry tragedy that might have marked the return of the champion. I have pictured him, dragging his poor, feverish body back home, only to find the Towsleys decamped for the summer and the house tight closed. I have imagined him whining piteously, sniffing about the kitchen door for some sign of Mary Shea, now long since married to Tim Daly, the iceman, and living in a little house down by the Harbor. She might as well have been in China for all the good it would have done him. I have fancied him hanging, disconsolate and starving, about the neighborhood until he was driven forth by impatient folk to die alone in the woods, or turned over to the authorities to have his wretched existence ended in a more expeditious manner.

But, glory be to the source of it, luck stood by the champion. It was Tim Daly himself who espied Adonis wandering aimlessly about on the West Hills

Road, and Tim had a kind heart in his breast, else he would never have won Mary Shea. He stopped his horses and approached the cringing dog, that had never a spark of resistance left in him.

“Are ye lost?” asked Tim, bending over him. “Where do ye belong?”

Don looked up at him helplessly, not fully trusting the kindly voice. Tim placed his hand gently on the dog’s head and then let it slide down his gaunt body.

“Thin as a rail!” ejaculated Tim. “Ye’re hungry, I’ve no doubt. Sick, too. Better come along with me, boy, and I’ll give ye a bite to eat and see what ails ye.”

Don staggered to his feet. With no definite purpose he started to follow and Tim, seeing how weak he was, picked him up bodily and deposited him in the empty wagon.

In the little house down by the Harbor, Mary Daly was getting dinner. There was a strong scent of onions in the air and Mary was making a cheerful clatter about the range and a cheerful sound with her singing —

“I’ve a sweetheart, my boys, in old Ireland,
A lad that would make you all smile —”

The door opened suddenly and Tim tramped in, bearing a burden.

“What in the name of common sense have ye there, Tim Daly?” she demanded.

“A little puppy for the baby,” said Tim with a twinkle in his eye.

“A cross old dog that ’ll bite him,” retorted Mary, but she followed her husband to the corner of the kitchen and watched with interest as he laid Adonis on an old coat.

“Have you a little soup for him?” asked Tim. “He ’s starvin’, I think.”

“Oh, the poor dog!” exclaimed Mary, her sympathy at once aroused, and she knelt down beside him and lifted up his head.

Adonis sniffed at her hand. Then he sat up and sniffed again. Then suddenly, without warning, he fell upon her, nearly upsetting her, his whole frame vibrant with almost too deep a joy, and kissed her in the old, ticklish way beneath the ear.

“It ’s Don!” cried Mary in a choking voice, peering into his face and then straining him to her bosom. “It ’s my old Don come back to me.”

“What!” exclaimed Tim, “Mr. Towsley’s prize Airedale?”

“Oh, Don! Don!” murmured Mary, her face buried in his dusty coat.

“Then he ’s a young dog yet,” said Tim. “He ’ll come around all right.”

“Oh, I hope he will. He must. I don’t know

where he came from, or where he 's been, but he 's come to me now, and I 'll never let him go again. Oh, Don! Don! Ye 're my dog now, ye 're my dog."

But Don could only rest his bowed head against her arm and whimper softly in a sort of grief that no power had been granted him to express more eloquently his undying love.

PRAYER FOR A PUP

PRAYER FOR A PUP

GREAT GOD OF DOGS :

Seated on thy regal throne in the high heavens, where ruddy Sirius flames; with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding — St. Bernards and all the other canine saints, collies, setters, mastiffs, and Great Danes, dogs who gained heaven through much loving and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood —

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading humbly for admittance.

That's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. His little spirit passed beyond our ken. No more our door is opened to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in

the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unsullied heart, his sweet and gentle disposition: no trace of viciousness did darken his young life, no evil mood, nor any least resentment. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and heeded not the bidding of his mistress, on that same day he licked the chastising hand, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valor to record; but he was young. He came of noble lineage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, and e'en the little whip, the sight of which chastises us to-day. He has no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all wide heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose time may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the Elysian fields he'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the

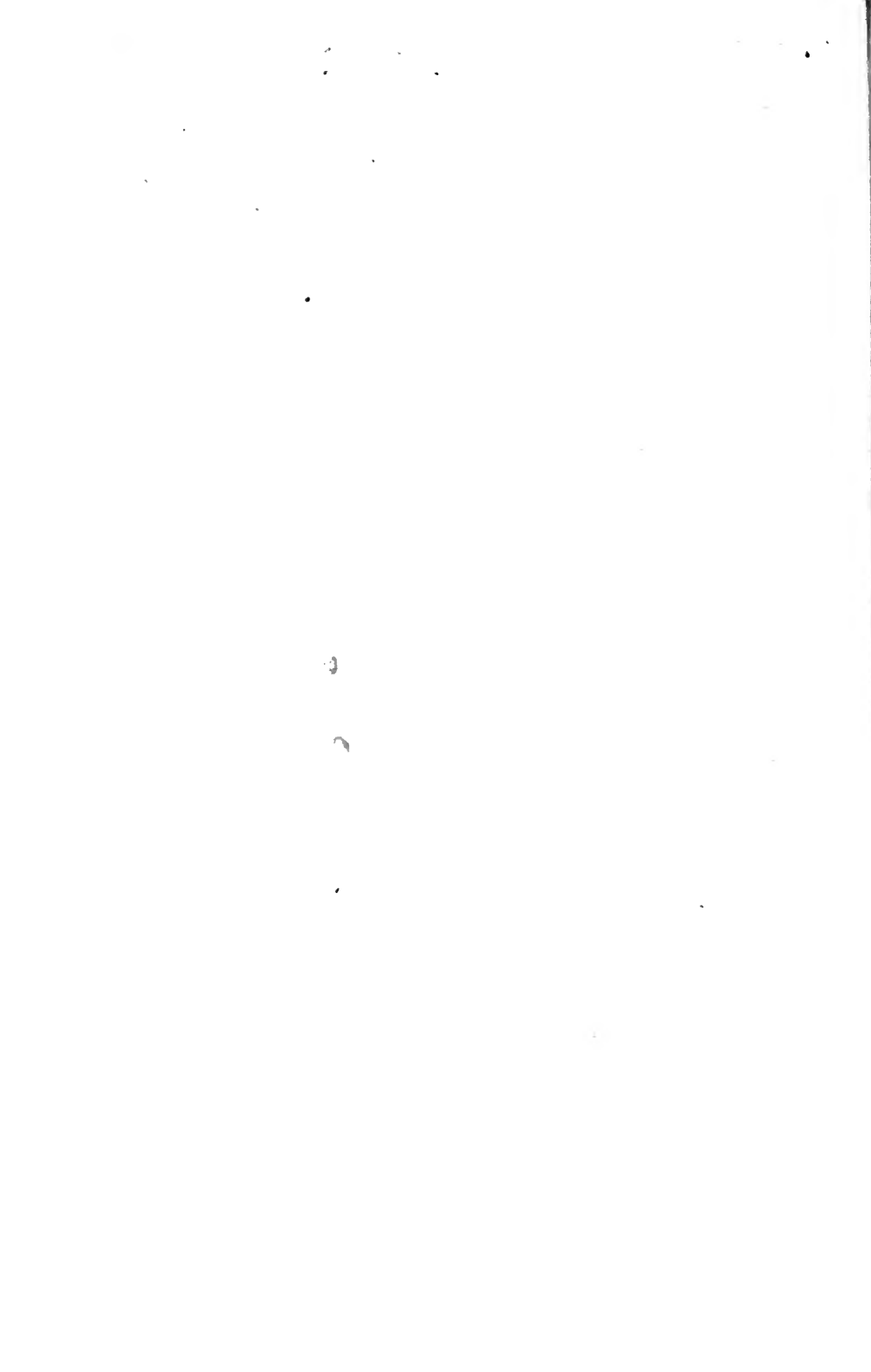
bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more, no more; and heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for some one he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in?

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

THE END

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